

(1931, Sept. S.H.)

E--4501

Wednesday, 2 Sept.; hot. Walked to the mail box to post letters and again to get the mail after the postman came. Wrote shorthand account for address on Abyssinia. After luncheon took a nap and then a bath. Had a feeling of great lassitude. Mother painting industriously.

Thursday, 3 Sept.; unsettled weather. Took flowers to the hotel. Mr. Shires, manager, came to me with a white face and asked if I had seen the morning paper. He said it announced the closing of the Central Trust Company of Maryland in which most of his savings were deposited. Made some purchases and stopped to visit with Mr. ~~Castle~~ ^{He} Castle. Mr. Castle was very apologetic because they would have to give up Winworth and move to town for the winter.

At noon I was the dinner guest of the Lions Club at the Francis Scott Key Hotel after which I gave a talk on Abyssinia. I told the gathering that I had selected this subject because I did not believe any one in my audience had ever been to Abyssinia. One of the members pointed to a colored waiter who was listening attentively. I replied that probably the colored gentleman had not been to Abyssinia but very likely his ancestors came from there because it was the land of Ethiopia. My talk was well received, applauded, and acknowledged by a rising vote of thanks. Mr. Renn, the livestock man arose and eulogized Sunny Hill.

Returning to Sunny Hill I changed my clothes. Fitted a piece of tin in the upper part of the fireplace in the Whippoorwill, after which I did not have so much trouble with smoke. After supper I raked up about six bushels of pears and carted them away. These pears were not edible and if allowed to remain on the ground they become messy and thousands of bees collect about them and have a way of stinging people about the ankles. Mowed some weeds.

Wednesday, 2 Sept. (hot). Walked to the mail box to post letters and again to get the mail after the postman came. Wrote short-hand account for address on Abyssinia. After luncheon took a nap and then a bath. Had a feeling of great lassitude. Rather nervous. Indistinctly.

Thursday, 3 Sept.: unsettled weather. Took flowers to the hotel. Mr. Shires, manager, came to me with a white face and asked if I had seen the morning paper. He said it announced the signing of the Central Trust Company of Maryland in which most of his savings were deposited. Made some purchases and stopped to visit with Mr. Castle. Mr. Castle was very apologetic because they would have to give up Winworth and move to town for the winter.

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Returning to Sunny Hill I changed my clothes. Fitted a piece of tin in the upper part of the fireplace in the Hippocorwill, after which I did not have so much trouble with smoke. After supper I taken up about six bushels of peas and carted them away. These peas were not edible and if allowed to remain on the ground they become messy and thousands of bees collect about them and have a way of stinging people about the ankles. Howed some weeds.

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Friday, 4 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Took Sister Nellie down to lower Sunny Hill and she and a helper finished repapering the house. Then I did some mowing. Received notice from the real/estate agents that a loan had been negotiated on the town house and they would notify me when the papers were ready for signature.

Saturday, 5 Sept.; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought back with me a young dog, said to be half Airdale and half bull, and about four months old. It was brindle in color, bobtailed, and badly frightened. It was the first time he had ever been away from his home or separated from his mother. Stopped at Winworth for a basket of canteloupes that had been left there by mistake for my sister. Mrs. Castle had taken them in, thinking they were a donation.

In the afternoon I took Sandy, the pup, with me to the narcissus field to pull some tall weeds. While there Milton Blank, husband of Elizabeth and brother of Lewis, came to ask if he could not cut ^{our} fodder on shares. Eunice and Charlie out in the afternoon. The whole family made a great fuss over Sandy. There were so many of us that the little fellow hardly knww what to make of so much attention.

Sunday, 6 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Took mother with me when I delivered flowers at the hotel. Read the Sunday papers, had a nice luncheon, and took a long nap afterwards. At 3 p.m. the Aaronse^{off}n family came out from Washington, and soon afterwards Mr. Shiply and family, and then Dr. Jones and family; then a Jewish merchant and family, and later Lewis Blank and wife. All were gone at 7.30 p.m. It was a pleasant but rather trying day. Trying my ⁿhad at a short-hand draft of a story. It was late when I left the Whippoorwill for Sunny Hill House to go to bed.

Monday, 7 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Eunice and Charlie

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left early to reach Washington in time to see the Labor Day parade. Delivered flowers to the hotel and stop^p~~ed~~ at Winworth to bring sister back with some peaches. Took Sandy with me to the narcissus field where I pulled weeds. Repaired a broken step and mowed in the lawns. Had a number of visitors to show about the place. In the evening a young man came up for some flowers for the funeral of a neighbor who was killed on the road Saturday night.

Tuesday, 8 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Finished pulling up cockle burs in the narcissus and peony fields. Mow^ded the grass on the Whippoorwill terrace and kil^l^d a copper snake. In the afternoon sister and I went down to the lower place. She washed up the floors and I cut the weeds in the garden. Picked a bucket full of grapes and sister got a basket full of tomatoes from the garden. At the upper palace I hitched up Mollie Mula and plowed one of the gardens.

Wednesday, 9 Sept.; clear and hot. Had a bad night as the result of overexertion. At breakfast Lewis reported a copper snake in the terrace wall near the Whippoorwill, I gave him the shotgun to kill it with, but when he returned it had disappeared. Later I went out with the gun. After some searching I saw its head in a crevice between the rocks. I fired and the head disappeared. At noon Lewis went over to investigate. With a pitchfork he pried a stone loos^e and behind it found two copper snakes with their heads shot off and he brought them over for us to see. Evidently the head of the second snake was directly behind that of the first.

I took sister to town in the afternoon and while she was shopping I sent a telegram to Mr. Lubin at San Francisco expressing regret that I could not attend a meeting of the governing board of the Pan American Reciprocal Trade Institute at New Orleans. After a nap in the afternoon I drove down to the lower place and picked the grapes. From a few vines I picked five baskets full. While in town I placed an ad-

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vertisement in the local paper for the rental of the house and garden at the lower place. In the evening I wrote up some notes on Egypt and Palestine for a Sunday talk.

Spent some time thinking over my financial situation. It was quite evident that my income was insufficient. Unfortunately the business depression, unprecedented unemployment, lack of demand for and depreciation in the value of real estate, made the outlook very unpromising. I should like to ^{sell it} ~~see~~ the lower farm, but doubted whether it would sell for any price. Were it not for mother and sister living with me I would have been glad to rent both farms so as to cut out the expense of operating them. It would have suited me better to live in a small cabin on the mountain, especially in some warm place in Virginia or the Carolinas. This would ~~give~~ relieve me of responsibility and give me time for leisure and reading and writing. But so long as mother lived I would be under obligation to look out for her and probably live with her. Had it not been for mother and sister I could have employed a young woman as ~~both housekeeper and mistress~~. At any rate the present situation was most unsatisfactory. One way out was to secure a loan on the town house, set aside one third for my wife, and then go to one of the States where only a short residence was required for a divorce. Except for financial difficulties life at Sunny Hill would be very agreeable.

Thursday, 10 Sept.; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought back sugar for wine. Sister and mother went to town to do some shopping. Men were cutting and shocking corn. A family came out just before dark to look at Lower Sunny Hill.

Friday, 11 Sept.; clear and hot. Took mother and sister to the Montgomery & Ward store in Baltimore. It was not a pleasant drive because of the many sharp curves, steep grades, and traffic.

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Mother and sister enjoyed looking about in the great store. They were especially interested in twin beds. I walked through the retail department and was impressed by the poor quality and relatively high prices of the wares on display. I went up to the roof to look over the city but could not see much because of the smoke. The upper floors were filled with desks and young clerks and storage rooms for merchandise. After inspecting the place I went outside to smoke. Everything was quivering with heat.

When we reached home we changed our clothes and had a bottle of cold homemade beer that was very refreshing.

Saturday, 12 Sept.; very hot. The papers were full of accounts of the great heat waves passing over the country. Took flowers to the hotel and brought ^{out} a new battery for the little radio in the Whippoorwill. My afternoon nap was interrupted by the appearance of Elizabeth and her husband to see about the fodder. I agreed to let them have a portion and to pay them for shocking the remainder. Sister Nellie said that Leslie Masser had asked again about the half acre she had agreed to let him have. I drew up a written agreement and after supper took sister over to Leslie's house. They signed the agreement and Leslie and I measured off half an acre back of his house. Eunice and Charlie came out in the evening.

Sunday, 13 Sept.; clear and hot, but with a breeze. Took flowers to the hotel. Bought a Sunday paper and sat in the car and read it until 9.45 a.m. Then I went to the Sunday school of the Lutheran Church back of the opera house. There I was met by Mr. Klein of Braddock who introduced me to members of the Mens Club. The exercises lasted until 10.30. Then a hinged door was pulled out to make a separate room. I had asked how much time I had for an address, but no one could tell me. My subject was the Holy Land but I started with Egypt. I never finished because in less than twenty minutes

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the bells began to ring for church services and some of the members of the club felt that they must join their families. This broke up the meeting. The chairman and members gathered about and asked if I would not return at another meeting to finish my talk. I answered "Perhaps, if you will agree beforehand to tell me exactly how much time will be allowed. A speaker must know in advance whether he is to have ten minutes, thirty minutes, or an hour." They said they ~~would~~ would.

I reached home at 11.30 and found Charlie working on a kennel for Sandy. It was a nice one but Sandy did not understand what it was for. In the afternoon we had some visitors from Frederick. After supper a young man and his family called to see about renting the house at the lower place but when I named the price he said he could not afford to pay it. It has been a lovely day, breeze blowing, insects singing, flowers nodding, apple trees bending with fruit, and I was feeling better.

Monday, 14 Sept.; very hot. I spent the day picking grapes from the arbor. It was not an easy job because there was only half a crop and the berries were overripe and shattered easily. It least a third of them were lost in this way. In the afternoon I had Lewis take the truck and help Leslie Masser with his barn. Many of the neighbors contributed their labor or teams. Elizabeth washed for sister. I had expected to take her back as far as the schoolhouse but she came in the old Ford roadster she bought from Sister. She was a beautiful woman, magnificently formed, with a face like a Greek statue with regular features and high coloring. I picked a lot of grapes and sister prepared them for wine. My nap was interrupted by a family that came out to look at the lower house. I went down with them and found an old Ford car resting against the gate and three young men looking over the place. I did not like their looks and was

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a little severe in my remarks to them about bumping into the gate with their old car. One of them had the grace to apologize by saying that the brake would not hold. I discouraged them from renting the place because I did not want them for tenants. All who came to look at the house asked about electricity.

I wrote some letters. Had showers that were badly needed in the late afternoon.

~~Wife~~

~~(14 Sept., brown folder) omit~~

1 September 1931.

"Dear Nellie:

"About Mrs. Trego's bookcase: I find there is a wall space about five feet wide and six feet high in the little office at the Whippoorwill. If her bookcase will go in that space I will be glad to buy it from her at ten dollars--after we get our loan. Until that happens I can buy nothing. At present the space is piled high with books of reference, dictionaries and atlases which ought to be on shelves.

"My advertisement for a puppy or young dog is bringing telephone calls. So far several collies, two water spaniels, one airdale, and one police dog are offered. I won't consider police dogs after what one did to Thelma and the one I saw chewing a boy's arm in Buenos Aires. I am sorry I have not one of Rosita's puppies. It looks as if I would have to take a collie. Old Laddie, Eunice's pet, is now a dignified, venerable old gentleman so much at peace with the world that he is no longer interested in current events--although last month he disappeared for three days and when he came back was bedraggled, chewed up, and utterly ashamed of himself, so that we could hardly recognize him.

"Today I went down to Lower Sunny Hill in the pickup. Sister Nellie and Elizabeth were fixing up the walls and ceilings. Lewis and I were mowing weeds, some of them higher than a man's head. It's a sunny cheerful place, ideal for children. I wish it was closer to Washington so that the Prices might live there.

"Some of the apple trees are breaking under their heavy loads, but apples do not sell for enough to pay for picking. When the loan goes through I plan to buy a small cider mill and utilize a portion of the crop to make vinegar, for which there is said to be a market. So far as I know vinegar can be kept a long time and will not have to

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Tuesday, 15 Sept.; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and did some shopping. Picked grapes and went to town for more sugar. Mother picking over the grape berries and sister squeezing them into a tub.

Wednesday, 16 Sept.; en route Clearfield, Pa.; forenoon clear, afternoon showers. I was up at 5.30 a.m. for an early breakfast. Left in the sedan at 6.45 a.m. and drove over Catoctin and South Mountains to Hagerstown where I left the car in a garage near the railway station. Left on the train at 8.50 for Harrisburg. Had a comfortable seat in the smoking car. The road runs through the fertile Cumberland Valley with fine farms and substantial ^a farm houses. We passed through a succession of small towns, many of them with factories, such as Maugan, Mason, Dixon, Greencastle, Chambersburg, Shippenburg, Carlisle, and Mechanicsburg, reaching Harrisburg at 11.05 a.m. Here I checked my bag and walked to the State Capitol. Practically all the offices were deserted and it occurred to me that probably Harrisburg had daylight saving time. This made me think perhaps I might be mistaken about the time of the departure of the train I was to take. I hurried back to the station where I had luncheon. The train left at 12.39 p.m. and followed the Susquehanna River for a long distance up into the mountains. ^{PP} The train reached Tyrone at 2.54 p.m. and I walked over to the Ward Hotel near the station. It was deserted except for a woman at a desk near a window. She did not look up nor give any sign that she belonged to the hotel. I paced back and forth on the veranda until at last a young man came in and looked about inquiringly. I asked him if he was looking for any one and he said he was looking for me. He said his name was Shaw and that he was a florist and had been delegated by the Rotary Club of Clearfield to fetch me in his car from Tyrone, a distance of about forty miles. He was a pleasant companion and the

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ride was over a good road through the mountains. We reached Clearfield at 4 p.m. and I was shown to a nice corner room in the Dimeling Hotel that had been reserved for me. After washing up I walked about the town and saw some nice residences and a new high school building near a small river that flows by the place.

About 5.30 p.m. Mr. Shaw came for me and we went into a reception room next to the dining hall where I was introduced to a number of members of the club. The dinner started at 6 p.m., and at 6.30 I began my talk on Abyssinia. The audience seemed much interested and congratulated me after it was over. Mr. Shaw remained with me until 9 p.m. talking about his flower business and music. After he left I walked about the streets, which were as deserted at that hour as ⁱⁿ any Latin city.

Thursday, 17 Sept.; clear, cool morning, hot afternoon. Had breakfast at 7 a.m. Shortly afterward a member of the Rotary Club who was an automobile dealer took me in his car from Clearfield to Tyrone where I caught the 9.19 a.m. train for ^{at} Harrisburg. Had lunch-eat at the station restaurant in Harrisburg, left at 12.30 p.m. and reached Hagerstown at 3 p.m. I got my car from the garage and had some trouble finding the right road out of Hagerstown. Reached home in good time. Found Lewis gathering grapes and sister preparing them for wine.

Friday, 18 Sept.; clear and warm. Started early for Washington but was delayed at the Monocacy bridge by a curious accident. I wished to get out for a moment and drove to one side of the road. The ground sloped and the moment the wheels were off the concrete surface of the road the car slipped sideways against a pile of steel girders. I tried to pull out but the rear wheels simply dug themselves in. On examination I found the the right rear fender was caught on the end of one of the steel girders and that a telegraph

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pole directly behind the machine would prevent me from backing out. I could neither move the car forward nor backward nor turn to one side. It was a most ingenious device for capturing a car. I signaled several passing automobiles but none of them stopped. Then I walked up to the top of a hill¹ and finally a motorist stopped at my signal and I asked him to ^{call}~~stop~~ at a garage in Frederick and have it send out a trouble wagon to pull my car out sidewise. While waiting I looked along the river bank for a post or beam that would serve as a lever. I found the dead limb of a tree and with this I succeeded in prying the heavy steel girders to one side so that the rear fender would clear and the machine could move forward. By ^{Putting chains on the wheels and} applying the power slowly and carefully I succeeded in getting back on the road without damage to the car. I drove to a clear space at a roadside refreshment stand nearby and took off the chains and washed my hands at a pump. The trouble car came too late to be of assistance. I lost an hour through this peculiar accident.

I made a clear run to Washington, arriving ten minutes before my appointment to meet wife. I went immediately to the real estate office and she was not there. I waited and began to fear that she would not come. However, she was really only a few minutes late and shortly thereafter we both signed the papers for a loan of \$3,600 on the town house. Then we ^awalked over to Franklin Square and sat in the park for awhile. At noon we walked down 14th Street to the Lotus Restaurant where we had a moderately good luncheon, and from there to a picture show. At 4 p.m. we went to Stoneleigh Court to inspect a bookcase that a Mrs. Trego had for sale, but she was not in. There was nothing more to do so I kissed wife and said good bye.

At Frederick I stopped for groceries and a watermelon. In Shookstown ~~Washington~~ some children were playing in the road and were very slow in getting out of the way. As I approached a boy rolled

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an old auto tire directly in front of my car. I stopped and gave them a good lecture. The supper table was set when I came into the house and nothing would satisfy sister but I must sit right down without opportunity to wash up. Her meals were excellent but they were imperative and everything had to be sacrificed to prompt attendance at the table. This trait often irritated me.

In the evening I made up a statement of my expenses on the trip to Clearfield and sent it to the chairman of the program committee.

After supper we sat on the ^everanda and I had quite an argument with mother about marriage. She had always contended that a man should select his wife for her intellectual ^{qualities} accomplishments. I contended that no man was especially interested in the intellectual accomplishments of any woman, and if he was he did not have to contract a lifelong obligation of marriage simply to enjoy association with her because he could have all the intellectual companionship he wanted with her without marriage; that no matter how it was disguised the essential inducement to marriage was physical, on the man's part to have a physical mate, mistress, and mother to his children; and on her part to have a man to support and care for her and provide her with material things; and that so far as the man was concerned a woman could give him nothing that would justify marriage except love, affection, and physical companionship. Mother expressed herself as outraged. It was not a very satisfactory conversation, but she had always been fierce and rather personal on that subject and I hoped that by plain speaking perhaps she might be less persistent in future. She was so ardent a feminist that she was not content with asserting that women are the equals of men in all things but she would go farther and insist that they were superior.

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Saturday, 19 Sept.; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out some large glass jars for wine, each holding three or five gallons. Had the sedan checked, hair cut, and shoes polished. Took mother down to her place in Shookstown to look at the well that had gone dry. Cut weeds in the afternoon. Mother collecting her painting from the different houses to take to the fair. Eunice and Charlie came out in the afternoon. In the evening had some of the new grape wine.

Sunday, 20 Sept.; hot. Took flowers to the hotel. Went through the woods tacking up "No Hunting" signs. A shower came up suddenly and I got drenched. Had a nap and then tacked up some more signs.

Monday, 21 Sept.; clear and hot. Took mother to town in the morning and we left a collection of her paintings at the fair.

Tuesday, 22 Sept.; very hot. Took flowers to the hotel. Helped sister with the wine and picked some more grapes. In the afternoon the electricians came out and measured for a branch line into the lower place. In the evening we sat on the veranda awhile and listened to the crickets and katadids and watched the lights of a mail plane on its way to Washington.

Wednesday, 23 Sept.; very hot. with rain in the afternoon. Picked more grapes, mowed the lawns, and helped sister with the wine.

Thursday, 24 Sept.; cloudy and cooler. Took flowers to the hotel and accompanied mother to the fair. The fair was disappointing and we did not stay long. The postman brought a special delivery letter from the real estate agents with a check for the loan of \$³~~4~~600 less about \$200 for expenses. In the afternoon I drove to Frederick to deposit the check. Returning, I mowed some of the lawns. Not feeling well because of irregularity and in the evening felt chilly and wore an overcoat.

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Friday, 25 Sept.; clear and cool. Slept for twelve hours last ~~night~~ night. Finished picking the black grapes. Wrote some letters, mailed some checks, and ordered a small heater for the laundry, a set of andirons for the Whippoorwill, and a small cider mill. In the afternoon went to town to cash a check I had received from Clearfield and then out to the fairgrounds. Saw nothing of interest. In the evening had a wood fire in the open fireplace in the Whippoorwill which was very cheerful.

(Wife, 25 Sept., brown folder)

25 Sept. 1931.

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Saturday, 26 Sept.; cold night, warm day. Took flowers to the hotel and mother out to the fairgrounds to get her pictures, but was informed we could not get them until Monday. Afternoon picking grapes. Eunice and Charlie came out in the late afternoon. Leslie Masser came over in the afternoon with his deed, a part of which I copied for use in preparing the deed for the half acre sister sold to him.

Sunday, 27 Sept.; cloudy and cold. Had fires in all houses. Flowers becoming scarce and difficult to keep the hotel supplied. Stopped at the Castles and for the first time Mrs. Castle stayed out of the room. She was a nuisance, talking incessantly about her hospital experience, always predicting her husband's death within a week, and yet he continued to gain somewhat. I had a nice open fire at the Whippoorwill, smoked, sipped wine, and read the Sunday papers. Had a nice chicken dinner and good music over the radio. Some visitors were out from Frederick in the afternoon.

Monday, 28 Sept.; clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel and with mother went to the fairgrounds for her pictures. Also brought out some more glass wine jars. Picked some more grapes. Sister making wine. We carried about twenty gallons across from the Cricket House to the cellar.

D.M.D.

Tuesday, 29 Sept.; lovely day. Took flowers and sister to town. I drew out some money for current expenses. There was much uneasiness in the country because of the failure of the two largest banks. Sis-

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ter got out her deed to Winworth from which I copied the necessary data for drawing up the deed from her to Leslie Masser for the half acre. The electricians were working at Lower Sunny Hill. Finished picking grapes at the upper place in the afternoon. In the evening drafted the deed for Sister Nellie.

Wednesday, 30 Sept.; clear cool day. In the morning I drove to town and selected ^{electric} fixtures for the lower house. Also let an agent take me out to the Ford warehouse to inspect a truck. Called at the office of a firm that handles crushed limestone and got their prices per ton delivered and spread over the driveway from entrance gate to buildings. In the afternoon I walked down to the lower place to see how the electricians were getting on. Found two neighborhood girls entertaining some of the men in the house.

Thursday, 1 Oct.; lovely day. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out supplies. Visited Mr. Castle in his new home on the outskirts of Frederick. Went down to the lower place and found the electricians having trouble in setting a pole. They had struck solid solid rock within two feet of the surface. Sister Nellie finished making the wine. In the evening packed up some things for a short stay in Washington.

Friday, 2 Oct.; clear and warm. I drove into Washington in the morning. Left the car at a storage garage and took a taxi to the Cosmos Club where I was given a room in the Cameron House. Walked to the bank and cashed my annuity check and returned to the club to read the morning papers. Then to the Mayflower Hotel where I met Mr. Simon J. Lubin, chairman of the organizing committee of the Pan American Reciprocal Trade Institute, and several Cuban and South American gentlemen. We met in an office room upstairs. No business was transacted but we simply got acquainted. Mr. Lubin expressed himself as disgusted with New Orleans where a recent meeting had been held

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because of its shabbiness and the way it treated negroes.

I returned to the club for luncheon. At 2 p.m. I walked to the Pan American Union and there met the Cuban gentleman and later Mr. Lubin. While waiting I stepped in to see Mr. Reid and found Mr. Lubin already there. After walking about the place for awhile we separated with the understanding that we would meet in Mr. Lubin's room at the Mayflower the following day.

I did some shopping and returned to my room with the intention of reading the afternoon paper. Eunice telephoned asking me to meet her and Charlie at the Raleigh Hotel. I met them there and we had supper in a small restaurant on the Avenue. Then Charlie took me in his car out by way of the Lincoln Memorial and across to Arlington and back by way of the Key Bridge. I sat with Eunice and Charlie for about an hour and then excused myself. Then I rode on the street car to 9th Street and sat awhile in the Gayety Theater. The sight of a girl show was refreshing. Washington looked spacious and clean but the traffic was so great that it was difficult to get about. The people all looked well dressed and prosperous. Most of the old buildings along the ~~but~~ south side of the Avenue had been torn down recently.

Saturday, 3 Oct.; clear and hot. Before I was dressed I received a special delivery letter from Mr. Lubin saying that several members of the committee had gone on to New York and he had postponed the meeting until the following day, but wished to see me during the day. I had breakfast at a restaurant and read the morning papers. Then took a ~~str~~ street car to the Congressional Library. I looked through the card ~~in~~ index for a recent book by Mr. Hobson on the International Institute of Agriculture, but it was not yet listed. Then I walked through the old Botanical Garden. Returned to the Cosmos Club and looked through the current magazines.

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E--4518

At noon I went to the Mayflower Hotel and telephoned to Mr. Lubin. He invited me to take luncheon with him at 12.30. We were joined by a gentleman from Colombia. Together we went into the main dining room. It was on the north side and half a city block long. We had a nice luncheon and remained at the table talking for nearly two hours. From his conversation it appeared that Mr. Lubin had strong socialistic leanings. He said that he was in Russia awhile before the revolution and that the condition of the peasants was intolerable; that his father attributed whatever success he had in life to his mother; and ^{that} ~~the~~ his ~~father~~ ^{father} did not know who his father was or whether he had any father. Lubin said that his grandmother was a remarkable woman.

I left at 3.30 p.m. and returned to the club to sleep. Had supper at a restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue. Walked up to Franklin ~~park~~ park and sat awhile. I was soon joined by a man who asked the name of the park. He volunteered the information that he had visited most parts of the world but that this was his first visit to Washington. He ^{said} ~~said~~ he was a marine engineer and was employed by a company with a line of oil steamers, that his wife had died of cancer two years previously, leaving him with two little children who had died a few ~~mon~~ months previously; that while looking after them he had lost his job and had been unable to find employment and had come on to Washington to see a friend who was employed as an engineer in one of the large hotels. He insisted on showing me his engineer's certificate. I glanced at it, said I must be going, and wished him good luck. After a long walk I returned to my room tired enough to go to sleep.

Sunday, 4 Oct.; clear and hot. After breakfast I went to the Mayflower Hotel and joined a committee of which Mr. Lubin was chairman. Members were present from Cuba, Colombia, Chile, Guatemala, and Brazil. Mr. Lubin summarized the action taken by the meeting at

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E--4519

New Orleans which was to the effect that the Pan American Union having officially recognized the Pan American Institute of Reciprocal Trade the fight to gain that recognition was ended, and that the next thing to do was to appoint a national committee in each of the Pan American countries. The Cuban member ^amade a little speech in which he said that he was not sure whether he was in favor of any ^amore organizations because those that had been formed had accomplished nothing, that the situation of Cuba was desperate, and that the only remedy seemed to be a lowering of tariffs, so ^athat if the Pan American Institute of Reciprocal Trade could bring about a lowering of tariffs that were an obstacle to Cuban trade he would be in favor of it. There was much aimless discussion and the meeting adjourned at 1.30 p.m. until the next morning.

I had luncheon at a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue, a bowl of stewed oysters and crackers and a cup of coffee, for sixty cents. Had a long nap and ^{then} supper at Child's Restaurant. I sat awhile in Franklin Square and watched the people passing and repassing. Then I walked down to Pennsylvania Avenue and tried to picture to myself what it had looked like in former years before the days of the automobile when there were only the cable cars, horses and carriages, and bicycles.

^aMonday, 5 Oct.; very hot. I walked to the Pan American Building at 9.30 a.m. where the Pan American Commercial Conference was to open. I saw Mr. Callander and other acquaintances for a few minutes. I went to the Hall of the Americas and sat with Mr. Lubin. Each chair was equipped with a telephone, ~~with a~~ switch and earwigs so that one could listen to a speech in one language or to its interpretation in another. The conference was opened with a brief speech of welcome by ^aSecretary of State Stimson. Secretary of Commerce Lamont was chosen permanent chairman and Dr. Manger as permanent secretary. Mr. Cohen was the official interpreter. Everything moved off very slowly and it was

(1931, Oct. Washington)

E--4520

very dull. Secretary Lamont made a poor chairman and was almost expressionless. There was an official luncheon given by the Pan American Union at 1 p.m. but as I had received no credentials or invitation I did not participate.

In the afternoon the conference divided into two sections, one of transportation and the other on trade barriers. The proceedings were very uninteresting and I left at 5 p.m. Had a disappointing supper at a restaurant and then called on Charlie and Eunice. Spent the rest of the evening reading in my room.

Tuesday, 6 Oct. ☞ clear and very hot. I went to the Pan American Union at 9.30 a.m. The delegates were slow in gathering and the session did not open until 10.30. Mr. Fletcher, former minister to Mexico and Italy and then head of the Tariff Commission, gave an interesting talk on the functions and work of the Commission. He was followed by Prof. Kemmerer of Princeton who advocated the maintenance of the gold standard and ^{outlined} the factors that determine the quantity of gold required to maintain the credit of each country's currency.

At 1 p.m. the delegates met for luncheon at the United States Chamber of Commerce building. Among my table companions was Mr. Gould of Plant Industry, Mr. Callander of Agricultural Economics, and three or four Latin American delegates. The luncheon was excellent.

The afternoon session opened at 3 p.m. and related to aviation with recommendations for government subsidies, increased use of air mail, and abolition of customs duties on airplanes and materials, as well as landing and departing charges. I left at 4.45 p.m. and walked to Eunice's apartment. I knew that she wanted to have me with her one evening and I wanted to have it over with. I took Eunice

(1931, Oct. Washington)

E--4521

and Charlie to the Lotus Restaurant on 14th Street. Unfortunately they had an engagement at a music school for 7 p.m. so we had to begin early. Then they decided they would not keep their engagement. This meant that we ate practically alone and finished just as other guests began to arrive and the music began. However, we had an excellent dinner, a delicious steak with trimmings. After they decided to give up their ~~musci~~ musical engagement I suggested we go to a picture show, but they preferred to walk down the street and look into shop windows. We walked back and separated at the Cosmos Club at 8 p.m. I read the papers and wrote some letters.

~~(Mother 4 Oct., brown folder)~~ *omit*

(1931, Oct. Washington)

E--4522

Wednesday, 7 Oct.; clear and very hot. The conference was extraordinarily dull and I was feeling enervated from the excessive heat. I left early and sat in my room in my nightgown with the fan going and wrote some letters.

✓
(Mother, 7 Oct. brown folder)

(1931, Oct. 2. H.)

E--4523

Thursday, 8 Oct.; another day of excessive heat. The morning session of the conference was interrupted by a hort address by President Hoover, which was, like all his addresses, disappointing. He was followed by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Governor of Porto Rico, which was full of lively humor, very entertaining, and made a good impression.

At one o'clock a buffet luncheon was served in the open space back of the Pan American Union building, the delegates standing bare-headed under a blazing sun. I was feeling badly with a cold in the head and left at 3 p.m. I took some asperin, went to bed, and read awhile in a one volume edition of Oscar Wild's writings. Had a letter from mother saying that the laundry stove and the cider mill had arrived.

Friday, Oct. 9; clear and cooler. The temperature during the night dropped from 88 to 54 degrees. Another dull day at the Commercial Conference. The delegation from Paraguay had yerba mate served during the forenoon. At the Cosmos Club I met Mr. Haskell and several other friends and we had luncheon together. In the lounge I met Dr. Shantz of the experiment station of Arizona, who asked me about statistics in Africa in which he seemed to be especially interested.

Had dinner at the Mayflower with Mr. Lubin and about twenty Latin American guests. The dinner was a good one and was served in attractive surroundings. Mr. Lubin made a graceful preliminary address which was followed by a general discussion and some long-winded speeches by the guests. The dinner was a success in getting so many people together and giving them an opportunity to talk freely, but nothing definite was accomplished. I left at 10.30 p.m., rather tired and glad that this was to be my last night in Washington.

(1931, Oct. Washington)

E--4524

Saturday, 10 Oct.; clear and cool. I overslept, dressed, packed up, had breakfast, went to the bank for some cash, and took a taxi to the Pan American Union. There was only a small attendance and the conference adjourned at 11 a.m. without accomplishing anything. I did some shopping, finished packing, read the morning paper, had luncheon, and got away at one o'clock. I had to pay eight dollars for the storage of my car for five days.

Had a very enjoyable ride home. Sunny Hill looked very attractive to me after my week in Washington. Roses, dahlias, cockscomb, ~~an~~ and morning glories were in full bloom. The orchard was hanging full of red apples and the persimmon tree was bending under its load of golden fruit. My desk was piled high with unopened mail. The thermometer stood at ²64 degrees in the afternoon and I made a fire. Eunice and Charlie were out in time for supper. In the evening they gave us some good violin and piano music. After spending a week in Washington at considerable expense in attendance at one of the dullest and most futile of conferences it is difficult to describe the feeling one had on returning to Sunny Hill with all its beauty and comforts that cannot be had in a city.

Sunday, 11 Oct.; forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy. Slept well and until after 9 a.m. in the morning. I set up the new andirons in the Whippoorwill fireplace and made a fire. Walked with the dogs through the glade to Lower Sunny Hill. On the way back I picked up some ripe pawpaws, which had a delicious fragrance but were not very good to eat. Just as I finished my afternoon nap Mr. and Mrs. John Grove of Frederick came out. I showed them over the place and they were much interested in the Whippoorwill House and my collection of ~~on~~ canes and other souvenirs..Two young men came out to try to sell me a truck. Had some good music over the radio in the evening.

(Lubin, 11 Oct., brown folder) *omit*

(1931, Oct. S.H.)

E--4525

Monday, 12 Oct.; clear and cool. Elizabeth was washing in the forenoon but I had no opportunity to see her alone. Sister Nellie and Eunice went to town to execute the deed to the half acre of ground they had sold to Leslie Masser. Charlie and I made a long ~~ba~~ bench which we placed in the cellar on which to place the wine. I covered the jars with burlap bags so they would not be conspicuous. Apparently we had about forty gallons, plus fifteen gallons in a keg. In the afternoon Sister Nellie and Lewis began transferring peony roots to the lower place. I spent the afternoon writing bills and notices to those who had ordered peony roots and other plants in the flowering season.

Tuesday, 13 Oct.; clear and cool. There was a heavy frost in the ^a valley but none on the mountain. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out supplies. Also ordered crushed stone for the drives from the entrance gate to the buildings. In the afternoon I dug peony roots to ~~fu~~ fill some of the small orders.

Wednesday, 14 Oct.; partly cloudy with showers in the morning. Sister and helpers transplanting peonies to the lower place. I finished digging and making up the small orders. A number of people came out for their peonies. Received a letter from Dr. Rowe of the Pan American Union thanking me for participation in the commercial conference, and one from Mr. Lubin expressing the opinion that the conference was a complete failure. I drove over to see Mr. McKensie about sawing some wood for me.

Thursday, 15 Octm; fair and pleasant. Took flowers to the hotel and did some shopping. When I returned I found mother eating her luncheon; she said she was so hungry she could not wait.

(1931, Oct., S.H.)

E--4526

I did a number of odd jobs, put a metal faucet in the wine keg, set up the little heater in the Cricket House bathroom which we proposed to use as a laundry during the winter months, and other things. In the evening Mr. McKenzie called to let me know that he would saw the wood next Tuesday.

Friday, 16 Oct.; cloudy and cool. Sister and helpers transplanting peonies in the lower orchard. Six truck loads of crushed stone were brought out and spread on the driveways. This should end our trouble with washouts and mud. I cut some branches with scarlet foliage for the hotel.

Saturday, 17 Oct.; cloudy, dark, and cold. Sister and her helpers finished taking up the peonies in the field in front of the house but not their planting at the lower place. The wagon had a broken axle and we had to use the old truck to haul the roots. I took flowers to the hotel, delivered some peony roots, and brought out supplies. Received the electric heater I had ordered for use in the Cubby Hole when it is not cold enough for a fire but too cold for comfort. Had two people out to inspect the lower house. Sister feeling badly and I had a cold. Eunice and Charlie out early.

Sunday, 18 Oct.; clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel, mostly dahlias, zinneas, celosia, red gum, sasafra, and maple leaves. ^aCharlie and I made a frame for the cider barrels. In the afternoon I made a roaring fire in the fireplace and had an enjoyable time watching the flames dancing and leaping upward. In the afternoon showed

(1931, Oct. S.H.)

E--4527

two families over the lower place.

Monday, 19 Oct.; clear and cool. I took mother in to Frederick on a shopping tour. Put faucets in the cider barrels. Work of transplanting peonies was finished.

Tuesday, 20 Oct.; clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel. Also took some men down to look at Lower Sunny Hill house. ~~Ray~~ Guy McKenzie had his saw mill outfit at the woodpile. He had trouble starting the engine and lost a lot of time and had to send a man to town for a magneto. An agent came out to look at the truck, which was getting old and expensive to keep in repair and we had decided to get rid of it. Elizabeth brought up five guinea fowl for which I paid her fifty cents apiece. Sister went down to Winworth. Mr. Miller, chief steward at the hotel, partly agreed to rent it from her. Another agent was out and tried to sell me a new Ford truck in exchange for the old one.

Wednesday, 21 Oct.; clear and warm. Began picking apples. Sister and helpers planting some narcissus bulbs. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer and their son came out from Washington in the afternoon. He was manager for the Pennock Company that handles flowers wholesale. After they left I went to town for bran and other things.

(1931, Oct. S.H.)

E--4528

I picked up mother at Winworth. She had been up in the attic to look for some of her paintings. At Sunny Hill I found ^{Miss} Mrs. Doub and some friends. She was an old lady who had taught art at the school for deaf mutes in Frederick for forty years. She and mother chatted like two children. Water in the cisterns and wells gave out today and we had to resort to water in the barn tanks.

Friday, 23 Oct.; clear and pleasant. Foliage turning fast. Flowers nearly gone. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill looking over catalogues and making up orders for lily bulbs. I thought it would be a good investment to have a garden of lilies for next year. The country was getting very dry.

Saturday, 24 Oct.; clear but with a fog in the valley in the morning. The autumn colors in the woods were exceptionally brilliant. Took flowers to the hotel. Did some running around and brought out groceries. A family came out for some peony roots they had ordered in the spring. Eunice and Charlie came out as usual.

Sunday, 25 Oct.; a lovely autumn day. The mountain was aflame with color. After finishing my nap in the afternoon Mr. Bohannon, his wife and son, came out from Washington. After showing them the Whippoorwill and giving them some wine I took them for a long walk over Observatory Hill and through the woods. Then I took them over to the house to visit mother and sister. Eunice and ^{as} Charlie played for them. After supper it began to turn cold and I built a fire. It was a beautiful moonlight night.

(1931, Oct. S.H.)

E--4529

Monday, 26 Oct.; clear and cold. Lewis and Billie hauling corn. and fodder.

Mrs. Bartholo came up to propose renting lower Sunny Hill house and letting her son take over her lease for mother's house in Shookstown which she was then occupying. In the forenoon I shot a hound dog that was sucking eggs in the poultry house.

Tuesday, 27 Oct.; clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel and did some shopping. Sister and helpers all day planting narcissus and iris in the hillside orchard. Had several callers.

Wednesday, and Thursday, notes missing.

Friday, 30 Oct.; clear and cold. Took Sister Nellie to town in the sedan. We went to the bank and she turned over her certificate of title to the old Ford truck and signed a power of attorney for me to sell it. While she was shopping I drove to a garage and turned the papers over to them with a memorandum of the things I ~~wanted~~ wanted done to the Dodge truck for which I was exchanging the Ford. In addition to the old Ford I gave the garage a check for \$160 and would still have to pay about \$20 for repairs.

In the afternoon Lewis and I put on a new roof about the chimney to the Cricket House bathroom. Both the Blank families were picking apples on shares. The mail carrier came out in the afternoon for some shrubs I had fixed up for him. Had a nice letter from wife who was visiting the Weavers at Rapidan, in which she said that they were planning to visit Sunny Hill the following Sunday. She said the Weavers did not know of our separation and asked that I make no mention of it.

(1931, Oct. S.H.)

E--4530

Saturday, 31 Oct.; clear and cold. ♀ Took flowers to the hotel with Lewis. Then took him to the garrage and settled for the Dodge truck which he drove out to Sunny Hill. The rest of the day he and Billie hauled corn with it from mother's place. I picked flowers for all the vases. I set up a stove in the Cricket House so that a fire could be made quickly when desired. I took mother to Frederick in the afternoon. On the way back I picked up old Mr. Kintz who was walking and brought him out as far as the mail box. Eunice and Charlie came out as usual.

Sunday, 1 Nov.; a cold beautiful day. Took flowers to the hotel. Kept a fire going all day in the Whippoorwill. The chimney still smoked a little but the open fire was very cheerful. After a long nap I began to draft a talk on World Friendship for a young peoples meeting Sunday next. Had several visitors out from Frederick. Eunice and Charlie gave us some good music in the evening before they left for Washington.

(Wife, 1 Nov., brown folder)

Saturday, 31 Oct.: clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel with Lewis. Then took him to the garage and settled for the Dodge truck which he drove out to Sunny Hill. The rest of the day he and Billie hauled corn with it from mother's place. I picked flowers for all the vases. I set up a stove in the Cricket House so that a fire could be made quickly when desired. I took mother to Frederick in the afternoon. On the way back I picked up old Mr. Kintz who was walking and brought him out as far as the mail box. Eunice and Charlie came out as usual.

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(Wife, 1 Nov., brown folder)

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4531

Monday, 2 Nov.; cloudy and cold. First frost of the season. Spent most of the day in the Whippoorwill working on the Sunday address. ~~The quietest and least interesting I have ever attended.~~ it were not for Mr. Lubin of California who wants me to at-

Wednesday, 4 Nov.; a lovely autumn day. Again had several visitors up to see the place and the view from the mountain. The valley was inexpressibly beautiful in the afternoon sunshine.

Thursday, 5 Nov.; a gloriously beautiful autumn day. Left flowers at the hotel and got some lily bulbs at the express office. I made a second trip to the express office in the afternoon for a sheet iron stove for the Whippoorwill. Had Lewis and Billie working on the cider mill. Its capacity was given as a barrel or more a day, but as the result of their combined efforts yesterday afternoon and this forenoon they had less than a barrel. I sent them with a truck load of apples and two barrels to a cider mill at Harmony and they returned with three barrels, having borrowed a barrel at the mill. Having difficulty in getting an afternoon nap. Day after day

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--45372

and week after week something happened or some one called between 1 and 2 p.m. when I preferred to take a nap. Had a nice letter from Queen of Hearts at Luzern, Switzerland.

Friday, 6 Nov.; clear and cold. I was not feeling well, much depressed, and spent the forenoon lying down in the Whippoorwill. Sister ^and helpers digging potatoes and gladioli bulbs at Winworth. I went down for them at noon. I put up the new stove in the Whippoorwill and soon had the place nice and warm.

Saturday, 7 Nov.; ice formed during the night and the day was cloudy and cold. This fro^s ended the flowers in the field, although we had a few in the packing house. Sandy, the pup, returned after an absence of several days. I put a collar on him and had him with me in the Whippoorwill most of the day, much against his will. He was a sullen brute with no show of affection for any member of the family and I was much disappointed in him. Charlie and Eunice were out and gave us some good music in the evening.

Sunday, 8 Nov.; clear and cold. Took flowers to the hotel for the last time this year. Had a nice fire in the Whippoorwill and spent an hour or more thinking over my address for the evening. We had a nice chicken dinner. First Sunday in many months that no visitors called. After supper I drove to Frederick and attended a joint meeting of the Young Peoples Church Societies. The church was completely filled and I met many people I knew. My talk was applauded, although the time was too short to finish as I should have liked. Rabbi Wilner followed me out and to the corner and I had some difficulty in getting away from him. He was a very interesting old gentleman and had lived in Texas. I reached home shortly after eight o'clock.

Monday, 9 Nov.; clear and pleasant. Drove to town with sister, collected for the hotel flowers, attended to various matters, and on returning put a lock on the Whippoorwill basement as a protection

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4533

to the four barrels of cider.

Tuesday, 10 Nov.; a beautiful Indian summer day. I drove to Washington with Sister Nellie. She went shopping with Eunice and I went to the Cosmos Club to read the morning paper. Then to the Department of Agriculture. I stopped at the greenhouses to see the display of chrysanthemums which ^awas very attractive. The grounds between the range of greenhouses and the Department buildings were torn up and being graded. I called at the office of Dr. Woods, but he was in conference elsewhere. I walked across to the Freer Art Gallery. Again I was disappointed in the Whistler collection, partly because many of them seemed unfinished and most of them were very small and lacking in color. Then to the National Museum where I saw an interesting exhibit of airplane engines, airplanes, vehicles, boats, model steamships, model mills of various kinds, minerals, and perhaps as interesting as anything was a swarm of live bees in a glass hive through which they could be seen at work. The hive was connected by a glass tube with the outside air so that the bees could pass in and out and live a normal life.

I attended the luncheon of the Farm Hands Club at the Harrington Hotel. Mr. Pyrtle remarked that it was the 33d anniversary of his arrival in Washington as a clerk in the Adjutant General's Office and then related some of his experiences. I followed with a similar talk of early departmental experiences.

Sister Nellie and I reached Frederick at 4 p.m. where we bought some oysters for supper. In the mail was a letter from

"Well, please let what I write you know
young and boyish regret."

my mind in the last year of disemployment and left a feeling of bro-

"I appreciate your reminiscences. Most of them passed through
me are all forms of secret, concealment and deception.
should not know of our entanglement. Surely you must know how rebug-
more than welcome. I can think of no good reason why they and others
not materialize, which was a disemployment. You would have been
and the members might be up to Sunday Hill today, but the visit did

"A statement in your letter led me to think that perhaps you
no more and secretly and soon."

I have said been. Probably due to the fact that so far we have not
the letters on disemployment have been unexpectedly resulting--the disem-
employment and disemployment letters to the women. The last ten or
disemployment-employment committee is under disemployment, as the disemploy-
ment. I am sure that you are also a disemployment association. The
last letter of October 24 from the disemployment, as a disemployment
I propose to disemployment check for \$20.00.

Best wishes:

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4534

Walker Chapman, Otis's closest boy friend, advising me that Otis was working in a chain grocery store and did not like it, and that ~~his wife, Ethel, was having a hard time getting along with my wife.~~ I was glad to hear that Otis had that kind of employment because it would teach him to be polite and courteous to customers.

Wednesday, 11 Nov.; cloudy and cold. I did several odd jobs, such as cleaning up, taking down and storing screen doors, pruning, and in the evening writing letters. We could hear the whistles in Frederick celebrating Armistice Day.

(Walker, 11 Nov., brown folder.)

(Regina dei cuore, same.)

11 November 1931.

"La mia C.R. dei Cuore:

"Your welcome letter of 18th October came last week when I was too much occupied to reply immediately. How I have wondered at your silence and speculated as to what had happened to you. Que tal, amigamia, que tal? Now I know that you are still this side of the Great Divide and the wonderland that lies beyond and that from our ships passing in the night we may still wave a friendly and encouraging greeting.

"I finished my world census project in November, 1929; in 1930 I served as Assistant Director of Scientific Work in the Department of Agriculture and organized the Inter-American Agricultural Conference of which I was elected Secretary General; and last spring brought to a close a rather unique and interesting public experience by retiring ~~from~~ from the service. The only shadow was an unfortunate family situation--a dear little wife estranged because of irreconcilable difference over two promising adopted children, both badly spoiled by overindulgence during my long absence and wholly unprepared to fend for themselves, both secretly married, one at seventeen and the other at eighteen, both utterly and hopelessly incompetent, but the girl has a boy baby quite the equal of the Crown Prince, at least as a baby.

"In March last I came out to my retreat on Catoctin Mountain in the heart of Maryland, overlooking the far famed Frederick Valley, 'Fair as a garden of the Lord,' (accompanied as ever by my faithful troupe of little fairies) and have since been revelling in dreams and fancies and inexpressible beauty. Busy? Yes; there are a thousand things needing attention on a farm; and daily I receive an armfull of mail from all parts of the world; high powered radio communication with innumerable stations and the best music and melodies come quivering through the ether to me; flowers, flowers everywhere, and hun-

dreds of visitors to see them; the preparation of travel lectures and the meeting of different groups of people and the making of new friends in this and adjoining states; the affectionate greetings of domestic animals, the flock of big Rhode Island reds, the flock of Pot-racking guinea fowls, the dogs, (a big elderly, dignified, somewhat dissipated old reprobate of a collie, and a promising young pup of a bull-Airdale), the team of big, sedate, docile horses, the affectionate aged demure Mollie Mula which I rescued from starvation last winter and which expresses so far as a dumb animal can her eternal gratitude; and a variety of wild life, the infinite variety of insects, the birds, the foxes, ground hogs, squirrels, bunny rabbits, field mice, terrapins, timid snakes, and other forms of animal life; and, whisper it low, I am quite sure that at times I have caught glimpses of old Pan peering at me from the laurel thickets, nymphs down at the bubbling spring, and I know that my patron saint, Bacchus, smiles gleefully when he takes a peep at my grape juice cellar and the four monkish rotund barrels of apple juice; and in the store-room are piles and piles of red and yellow apples, and other piles of white and yellow pop corn, and rows and rows of jewel-like jellies and jams; and the three dwellings--the Sunny Hill House (bungalow fitted out with steam heat, modern plumbing, frigidair, electric lights, etc.--think of it when you shiver abroad), Whippoorwill Lodge, (a century old stone cabin where I have my collection of books, music, souvenirs, and other playthings), and the little Cricket House (a veritable Peter Pan house, a century or more old and a little gem), which is yours whenever you and the General, or whoever is most dear to you, comes to visit me (and my fairies); and just think of this group of buildings as on the crest of the mountain, fringed with trees, and the rocks and trees give forth great organ peals when old Boreas blows and blows his wintry blasts. Well, ^{ma} ~~now~~ cheri, I have written all this simply to give

you a glimpse of the life I am living. Financially I am as poor as the proverbial church mouse, but, Oh! how rich I am in memories, in friendships, and in the infinite variety and beauty of my surroundings--quite as beautiful as anything in all Italy or Europe. I am fortunate, also, in having with me my aged mother (artist painter from whom I inherit my greatest blessing--appreciation of beauty in all things), and my loyal sister whom I helped in early life and who now keeps house for me and serves up the daintiest meals, quite equal to anything to be had at the Waldorf-Astoria or the Ritz-Carlton, and in addition dons overalls and goes to the fields and bosses the hired men and relieves me of an infinite variety of disagreeable and distracting practical details.

"Well, carissima mia, I cannot tell you how much I regret not being in Rome at the time of your visit. Among my treasured recollections is our Easter week in Rome, the utterly delightful entertainments of Pirondella, the wonderful concerts of Mascagni at the Agusteo, and finally the crowning event, our day at Orvieto. I wonder how many of our relatives, friends and strangers, would or could understand our innocent, friendly, congenial and delightful companionship for some weeks amid beautiful surroundings. Well, if they don't it's simply their misfortune.

"Just to give you another glimpse: For the past two weeks Jack Frost and his cohorts have been busy. Catoctin Mountain has been a blaze of glory, a riot of color, autumn beauty such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. I have the contract for supplying the Francis Scott Key Hotel of Frederick (a miniature first class hotel) with flowers and for several weeks have taken in to them truck loads of gorgeous autumn foliage, in addition to armfulls of dahlias, zinnias, calendulas, and lovely chrysanthemums. Yesterday I took my sister to Washington, over a magnificent road, between fields ranked with martial

shocks of corn, on a beautiful Indian summer day, to do some shopping. I looked up some old friends in the Department of Agriculture, spent a happy hour in the wonderful Freer Gallery of Art, an equally interesting hour at the old National Museum, and then two hours with the Farm Hands Club--an informal weekly meeting of journalists and public men whose boyhood was spent on the farm and who view and discuss current events from the farm view-point. It includes several Cabinet members, Members of Congress, officials of the Department of Agriculture, newspaper correspondents and leaders from the different States. I happen to be a charter member. Here at these weekly luncheons are discussed--not for publication but solely for the information of the members--the high and low spots, the inside and the outside aspects of public questions that later appear in Congress and the press. To me it is the most satisfactory of all the various and sundry organizations to which I belong.

"At the early age of twelve I ran into a crisis which led me to really think, and my conclusion was that to be happy one should always so act, in the light of his knowledge and experience at the time, that he would have nothing to regret. Surely, not a bad formula for a boy of twelve. At the age of 62 I can think of no better rule of life, and because I faithfully lived up to that rule I am tranquil, count my blessings, and am about as happy as a man can be in spite of the inevitable shadows.

"Now that I have written so frankly and given you a glimpse, only a glimpse, cannot you reciprocate by writing me with equal frankness about some of the things that have affected you in your inner life, about the Crown Prince, about Sr. Pan, about what you have seen and experienced in Switzerland and dear old Italia, and the always beautiful, interesting and ~~by~~ lovable Italianos. How I love them! And how I love the concret, visible, irridescant golden atmosphere

of Italy. Mon dieu, had I grown up in Italy nothing in the universe could have stopped me from being an artist, my desire to express the beauty of it all, physical and spiritual, would have been so strong. But, my contact with Italy came too late and other cares and responsibilities made it impossible.

"Have I written? A question asked by many friends; no, not yet; but perhaps when the urgent details of organizing Sunny Hill as an ideal place to live and the rainy days and long winter evenings come I may take my trusty typewriter and try to rattle off an account of my interesting experiences and paint a word picture of the inexpressible beauty that surrounds every human life.

"Curiously enough I write to you as I would write to no other human being, with the feeling that you will understand; I wonder if you feel that you can write to me in the same way, confident that whatever you write is for me alone and will never become known to a third person. I hope so.

"And now, carissima, cannot you arrange to come to Washington sometime and let me know where you are stopping--or better still cannot you and your General, or whoever is dearest to you, spend one or more days at Sunny Hill as my guest and occupy the humble Cricket House--Peter Pan's house? At any rate, please write me.

Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

11 November 1931.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"Your letter of the 6th came yesterday while I was in Washington. You are quite welcome to use anything I have written in any way you wish. I think you are wise in revising your memorandum in the light of such comments as you have received and publishing the result in pamphlet form. The subject of land settlement, land utilization, and family life on the farm, especially the development of self-reliance and character that comes from life on the farm is of fundamental importance and of ~~an~~ exceeding interest. But, as I am sure you fully realize, the subject of land settlement as a remedy for city unemployment, poverty, and despair, is complicated by many factors and considerations, not the least of which is the ^{lack of} preparation and fitness of city bred men and women to endure and profit by the rather severe discipline of farm life. I shall be much interested in seeing how you handle the subject, and I assure you that you have my best wishes.

"The more I think of that Pan American Commercial Conference the more disgusted and disappointed I feel--such opportunities frittered away by steam-roller methods and futile discussion. All I got out of it was the satisfaction of making your personal acquaintance, sizing up the conference, hearing again the beautiful Spanish language as spoken by educated gentlemen, and the enhanced joy of returning to my mountain retreat overlooking Frederick Valley famed for its richness and beauty that Whittier described as 'Fair as a garden of the Lord.'

Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4535

Thursday, 12 Nov.; clear and hazy, beautiful day. Sister took mother to Frederick to have her eyes tested and for supplies. Wrote efficiency reports for the three employes of my census office in Rome for the International Institute of Agriculture. Took the sedan to town to be overhauled.

(Recommendations, Longobardi, Salto, Vanzetti, 12 Nov. *omit*
~~brown folder~~)

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4536

Friday, 13 Nov.; a lovely mild ^aday. Spent the ^aday arranging records and writing. The valley was beautiful, as well as the chrysanthemums and the autumn foliage. Ed Billie made some more cider on shares. Eunice and Charlie came out in the afternoon.

Sunday, 15 Nov.; foggy morning, hazy afternoon. Spent the forenoon reading shorthand account of trip to Madagascar. In the afternoon took mother, sister, and Eunice for a ride to Emmitsburg and back. Last night reading Oscar Wilde's writings, which are exceedingly well written and ingenious, full of poetry and imagery.

Monday, 16 Nov.; a lovely Indian summer day. In the forenoon I walked down to the lower place to see the tenants about the electric light meter. I returned by way of the back field and saw a patch of sumac with the brightest red leaves I had ever seen, quite as bright as poinsettias. The hunting season began today and I could hear townspeople firing guns in all directions. I had advertised no hunting on my place and tacked up signs in many ^{pl}aces. At the Whippoorwill ^areading shorthand account of my trip to Madagascar. ~~Elizabeth was doing the washing but we had no opportunity to get together except for a moment in the laundry room where we hugged and kissed. A man taking orders for grape wine bricks came out in the afternoon and stayed to talk until after dark.~~

Tuesday, 17 Nov.; heavy fog all ^aday. Took mother and sister to town and while they were shopping I walked down to a hardware store furniture store where mother had left two pictures to be framed. I bought a bottle of Nujol oil to put over the cider to keep it from turning to vinegar. Had a letter from Miss Vanzetti written at Rome October 30 saying she was coming to the United States with Minister Grandi and while in Washington would be at the Mayflower Hotel. In the afternoon I sent her a telegram and later had a reply saying

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4537

she would take luncheon with me the following day.

Wednesday, 18 Nov.; clear and warm. I drove with mother to Washington and left her with Eunice. I went to the Cosmos Club to ~~red~~ read the morning paper, then to the bank for some cash, and then returned to the club to look over the current magazines. At noon I walked to the Mayflower and sent up my card. Received a message from Miss Vanzetti asking me to wait. After waiting in the lobby for more than an hour I saw Sr. Grandi leave the elevator surrounded by newspaper men and photographers. Half an hour later Miss Vanzetti came down. She came up to me, threw her arms about my neck, and we kissed ^c each other. She said she was too busy to leave the hotel to go with me ^a to a restaurant so I took her into the main dining room where we had a ^b nice luncheon. She offered to pay, but I would not let her. It cost me \$7.75.

She said that after I left Rome she had secured a transfer from the International Institute of Agriculture to the Italian Foreign Office and at her own request was sent to Moscow. Soon ^a after reaching Moscow she ^a wanted to leave ~~but~~ the minister would not consent. It was only after she threatened to resign that he consented to let ~~her~~ her go. She returned to Rome in October and was assigned to Minister Grandi who brought her with him to the United States. They came over on the Conte Grande, but the minister kept her so busy translating in her cabin that she ^a had no opportunity to go on deck the entire voyage. After arrival at New York and Washington she had been kept so busy that she had not stepped outside the hotel. She said the minister was leaving the next day to meet his family in Philadelphia and New York and perhaps he might consent to allow her to remain in Washington two days longer and join him in New York, in which event she would like to spend Friday night at Sunny Hill. It was agreed

she would take luncheon with me the following day.

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(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4538

that if I did not hear from her to the contrary I should return for her at the Mayflower Hotel Friday noon, we would have luncheon, visit the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, drive around the Speedway and other places of interest, and then to Sunny Hill before dark.

It was 3 p.m. when we finished the luncheon. We kissed each other good bye in the hotel lobby.

Thursday, missing.

Friday, 20 Nov.; foggy morning, bright afternoon. Yesterday I received a telegram from Miss Vanzetti saying she would have to go directly to New York.

✓
(Adriana, 20 Nov., brown folder)

(1931, Nov. 2, H.)

that if I did not hear from her to the contrary I should return for her at the Mayflower Hotel Friday noon, we would have luncheon, visit the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, drive around the Speedway and other places of interest, and then to Sunny Hill before dark. It was 5 p.m. when we finished the luncheon. We kissed each other good bye in the hotel lobby.

Thursday, missing.

Friday, 20 Nov.: foggy morning, bright afternoon. Yesterday I received a telegram from Miss Vannetti saying she would have to go directly to New York.

(Adriana, 20 Nov., brown folder)

20 November 1931.

"My dear Adriana:

"It was such a disappointment and will always be a matter of regret that we could not have ou^r little visit together and that your work kept you a prisoner throughout your short stay in this country. Our plans were all made to give you the time of your life as far as that could be done in twenty-four hours. Your room was ready and waiting for you, including flowers; and I know that my sister had prepared a menu of dishes and dainties that would make your mouth water.

"I had planned to be waiting for you at the Mayflower at 12.30, take you to a nice little restaurant nearby, get the car and pick up your bag, take a spin around by the Lincoln Memorial, the new bridge and along the river, stop at the Department of Agriculture and meet Miss Joyce and other friends, and then ou^t through Rock Creek Park, Chevy Chase, and across an attractive farming country to Frederick, and on up to my retreat on Catoctin Mountain before sunset so that you might get a glimpse of Frederick Valley, one of the most beautiful in the world, 'Fair as a garden of the Lord.' Then you were to be shown your room and left to your own devices until the chimes sounded for dinner--including oysters served in several different ways--after which we would pick up some good music on the radio, and then a visit with mother and sister both of whom would be much interested in hearing about your life in Australia, in London during the war, Rome and Moscow since. They are both accustomed to retiring early and my plan was that we would adjourn to the Whippoorwill--the stone cabin that I have fitted up as a library and office for my books, desk, filing cases, piano, phonograph, radio, souvenirs, and other playthings. R There, with a supply of your favorite cigarettes, vino--red or white, sweet or dry, and apple cider, and a basket of apples, we could have sat and talked to our heart's content until you gave the signal to retire.

"The next morning you were to sleep just as long as you wished. Your breakfast would have been something to remember. The day was to have been entirely yours to do just as you pleased, to stay indoors or outdoors, to sit in a rocking chair on the veranda overlooking the valley, to get acquainted with the domestic animals, to stroll about among the gardens and orchards, to explore with me certain odd nooks and corners where the fairies dance in the moonlight, or a motor trip up to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania, or over to Harper's Ferry where the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers break through the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"In any event there was to have been a scrumptious luncheon. After luncheon you might want to take a siesta, as I generally do, or you might want some other form of rest or amusement. I was prepared to return you safe and sound either to the Myflower or the railway station at any time you set. The distance is fifty miles, the road is excellent, and the trip can be made in from one to two hours, depending on the traffic one encounters.

"Well, my dear, that was the program I had hoped we might follow. Mother and sister were both greatly disappointed not to have an opportunity of meeting you and the pleasure of entertaining you. My own disappointment is too great for words. My sister was especially indignant and emphatic in expressing her feelings when I explained to her that you worked most of the time on the voyage across and had since scarcely any time or opportunity to step outside the four walls of the hotel. We had hoped that the spell might be broken and that we could give you twenty-four hours of freedom, rest and entertainment that would have sent you to New York feeling like a different woman and to Italy with some very pleasant memories.

"Sorry I could not be at the railway station to say farewell to you and still sorrier that I cannot run up to New York on the chance of seeing you again. Anyhow, I'm glad we did have a nice

luncheon together--I hope not our last.

"Just what the prospect of our meeting again is, Quien sabe?

"I shall expect letters from you--but not until you are rested and feel in the hum^{or}. Perhaps some night in Rome in the wee sma' hours when you can't sleep your thoughts will turn to me and the good time we might have had at Sunny Hill and you will write me a nice long letter about yourself that will enable me to visualize a very dear friend.

"Vaya con deus, amiga mia.

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

"Miss Adriana Vanzetti,
Care of Signor Grandi,
Ritz Hotel,
New York.

Extract from letter of Nov.23,1931, to Mr.Simon J.Lubin
of Sacramento:

x x x x

"I am returning the manuscript of your paper on 'Access to the Land,' which I have read with much interest and like better than the original draft.

x x x x

"The essential theme of your thesis is that access to the land be made easy to mitigate some of the incidental evils of capitalism (unequal distribution of wealth and power, inequitable relation of employer and employed, economic serfdom or slavery, uncertainty of employment, inadequate wages, the paralyzing fear, apprehension and cowardice engendered in the employed by the knowledge that all that stands between them and their dependent loved ones and guant want, privation, starvation, misery, desperation, crime or suicide is a job that some one else can take away), access to the land to be the alternative, the haven, the refuge, the way out to self-sufficiency and independence. Well, I agree (1) because I have experienced and demonstrated the theorem in my own life, and (2) because I see it demonstrated in the lives of my neighbors. Here on the slopes of Catoctin Mountain are many small landowners with from two to twenty acres, buildings, orchards, gardens, woodlot, and livestock. They are not primarily farmers but artisans--carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. who find employment in the city and villages and whose families make their living on the land. These people live well. They are as independent as the proverbial hog on ice. Their places are not for sale and they have no ~~desire~~ desire to change their lot. Most of them have electricity, automobiles, and radios, and some of them frigidairs. The depression about which so much is said over the radio and in the press has scarcely touched them. They simply know that jobs and money

are harder to get now than three or four years ago, but far and away more plentiful than they were thirty years ago. Their cellars and barns are full of food and feed, the jobs they get or don't get are simply incidental and supplemental, and for them the sun, moon and stars shine as brightly as in childhood's happy days.

"So therefore, Mr. Lubin, go ahead and publish your paper and give it wide distribution. At least it will serve the useful purpose of calling attention to some very fundamental factors in life.

"But my lifelong experience in agriculture and in the great U.S. Department of Agriculture and my observation of agriculture in other countries fills me with all sorts of inhibitions and reservations about which I could write a book. Briefly, I distrust the psychology and lack of preparation for farm life of city people--human nature--the obstacle to the realization of all utopian dreams for the betterment of mankind. However, your paper now presents and advocates access to the land as a sort of insurance against all kinds of economic and social evils, and as such I can heartily commend it.

X X X X

(1931, Nov. S.H.)

E--4540

Tuesday, 24 Nov.; lovely day, clear and warm. I took mother to town in the afternoon and brought out sugar and raisins to put in one of the barrels of cider. The cider was now hard, but had a disagreeable taste and a considerable alcoholic content.

Wednesday, 25 Nov.; clear and cool. Did some odd jobs and in the afternoon^u took sister over to Mrs. Gladhill's. She was to have a sale soon and agreed to let me send an old buggy over to be sold. On the way back we stopped at the John Klipp place.

Thursday, 26 Nov.; clear and cold. Spent most of the day in the Whippoorwill with a warm fire. Read through some travel notes. For the first time since last February began writing on autobiography. During the interval I had been too busy renovating the place and farming to think of writing. Now at the close of the year I realized that I could not hope to make a living on the farm by farming and becoming reconciled to this idea, I decided to stop worrying about it and simply try to live comfortably within my slender income and write as I felt like it in the hope that in the years to come I might produce something that could be sold, and if it could not be sold I should at least have had the pleasure of writing.

In the afternoon we all took a walk in the woods. Sandy was with me awhile in the Whippoorwill.

Friday, 27 Nov.; snowing and cold. Went to town for a box of apples and some groceries. Received a telegram from Adriana expressing appreciation of my letter and her disappointment that she could not have been with us. She^w was to sail today. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill reading the mail and writing. .

Saturday, 28 Nov.; dense fog and cold. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill ~~wt~~ with a good fire and ~~X~~electric light, writing about my first trip to California in 1911. Enjoyed looking over old records and thinking over my travels. It enabled me to live the past

Letter of Dec. 31, 1931, to Walker Chapman, Washington, D.C.

"Dear Walker:

"Thank you for your letter of November 27.

"I suspect Ethel will have uphill work trying to persuade Otis to take her to dances because he does not know how to dance and would be diffident about going to one. I think all young people should know something about music and dancing as a part of their education because the musical and dancing impulse is as natural as breathing, both are forms of selfexpression, give poise and grace, and promote social intercourse and pleasure. I had both Thelma and Otis exposed to music, but both rebelled because it involved systematic effort on their part. I proposed that both should be taught dancing, but neither would agree to undertake it, and Mrs. E. opposed because she thought they were too young--and I suspect that even now that they are married she would not admit that they are no longer little children.

"I am pleased to know that you have taken up shorthand. I am sure that you will find the study of shorthand interesting and fascinating, but that a lot of steady persistent practice is required to really succeed in it. If you stick to it, however, you will find it both a stepping stone and an open door to opportunity and advancement. It will broaden your education, bring you in contact with men at the head of affairs, give you an insight into what goes on behind the scenes, and lead to responsibility and advancement. Also it is a kind of insurance, because a capable and efficient stenographer can usually find employment almost anywhere at any time.

"In my former letter I neglected to say that nothing I write or say is secret. I simply object to ~~being~~ being misquoted or misrepresented. So you may feel quite free to speak frankly of anything I say or write.

"Wishing you success with your shorthand, and a satisfactory holiday season, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4542

Wednesday, ~~3~~2 Dec.; clear and cold. Writing.

Thursday, ³4 Dec.; clear and cold, with ice during the night. Writing. Sister shifted luncheon from noon to 2 p.m., which was very disturbing to mother whose appetite was phenomenal.

Friday, 4 Dec.; foggy and showers. Took sister to town for some shopping. The little Jersey dropped her calf today. Writing.

(A letter from Cousin Kate Sully to mother said that our grandmother, Hartman, was born at sea en route from Switzerland to the United States, and that her uncle was named John or Jacob Sutter.)

Saturday, 5 Dec.; a clear beautiful day. Writing. Eunice and Charlie came out.

Sunday, 6 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill very comfortably writing autobiographical notes. Some visitors came out from Frederick to look about.

Monday, 7 Dec.; clear and pleasant. Last night reading "The Epic of America" by T James Truslow Adams, and listening to the radio.

Exhausted

The tenant on the lower place paid her rent today. I put weather stripping about the windows and doors.

Tuesday, 8 Dec.; clear and cold. Writing about events in 1917--- Sister Nellie came to Washington to accept a position in the Quartermaster's Bureau.

Wednesday, 9 Dec.; rain and freezing. Writing. A beautiful icy coating on twigs and trees. Letter from real/estate agents saying Health Department had notified them that a sewer trap must be fixed.

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4543

Thursday, 10 Dec., S.H.; cloudy and thawing. Reading last night until 2 a.m. and up at 8. Took Sister Nellie to Frederick to do some Christmas shopping. Spent the rest of the day writing.

Friday, 11 Dec.; showers and fog. Writing experiences of 1928. A young man called and asked if I had seen a "night dog," which he explained is a dog that hunts at night. I replied that I had not seen such a dog about, but that my place was posted and advertised against hunting by man or dog and if either were seen hunting on the place at night he was pretty apt to be shot at.

~~Had an argument with mother about father. She said that if he had only done the things or had thought as she thought, as she had repeatedly told him, he would have been a rich man. I reminded her that he had done quite as well if not better than the men with whom he was associated, and much better than either of her brothers. The fact is that mother's hindsight was always exceptionally good and she could always tell father that if he had only done so and so he would have made much riches. I suspect many wives have that precious gift of hindsight but are conveniently blind to obstacles in the way of accurate foresight or those that prevent taking advantage of obvious opportunities.~~

Saturday, 12 Dec.; showers. Sister Nellie and I attended a meeting of the County Farm Bureau in the Methodist Church in Frederick. About 160 were present. A fairly good dinner was served by the ladies of the church. The meeting was dull and uninteresting and we left immediately after the dinner. I brought out some paint for the tenant at Lower Sunny Hill. In the afternoon I heard messages over the radio from many different countries in celebration of the 30th anniversary of the first signal sent by wireless by Marconi. Eunice and Charlie arrived late.

Sunday, 13 Dec.; showers and fog. Writing account of 1919.

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4544

Took a walk through the woods and a long nap afterwards.

Monday, 14 Dec.; heavy fog, clearing in afternoon. Drove to town for bran and ordered coal. Wrote a letter to the county commissioners about our road. Also wrote a letter to the editor of the Frederick Post condemning the state superintendent of education for a very discourteous letter he had written to the secretary of the County Farm Bureau. This letter was published and brought much favorable commend.

Tuesday, 15 Dec.; clear and cool. With a wheelbarrow brought in a lot of wood from the woodpile to the houses.

~~Christmas has I don't know what is time from anything from~~
~~for a year. With a wheelbarrow brought in a lot of wood from the woodpile to the houses.~~
Writing account of 1920. ²Had men clearing away trees from the east border of the field in front of Sunny Hill House so as to afford a better view of Frederick and the lights in the valley.

Wednesday, 16 Dec.; clear and cold. Took mother ⁿad sister to town for Christmas shopping. Took ladder and materials down to lower place. A young man came out to put another electric light in the barn.

Thursday, 17 Dec.; clear and pleasant. Had men sawing wood. Drove to town and expressed Christmas package to wife. Did some shopping. In the afternoon took a nap and then started to sorting an accumulation of periodicals.

Friday, 18 Dec.; Clear and warm. Men still sawing wood. Writ- in account of 1920. Took mother to town for a shopping trip. Eunice and Charlie out in time for supper.

Sunday, 19 Dec.; fair and warm. Writing account of 1921. Two young men called at luncheon time and asked for a Christmas tree. I

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4545

directed them to a grove of scrub pines, but later I discovered that they did not go. What they really wanted was one of the ornamental planted trees on the ground^s but were not willing to pay for it. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Shires came^e out from the hotel in Frederick and looked at trees also. I invited them into the Whippoorwill and gave them a glass of wine.

Monday, 21 Dec. S.H.; cloudy and cool.

Had a nice letter from wife about the Christmas box I sent her, quite different in tone from anything from her for a year. Writing in comfort at the Whippoorwill.

Tuesday, 22 Dec.; foggy and showers. Reading last night until 3 a.m. Writing account of 1921. Billie Shoemaker making some cider on the shares. Also he drank liberally of the hard cider. One of the Masser girls brought over a turkey for us. She was so diffident that she had difficulty in parting.

Wednesday, 23 Dec.; fair and warm. Sister, mother, and Eunice went into the woods for some Christmas greens. I planted some Mt. Vernon walnuts given to me by the city forester. Went to town in the afternoon for groceries and other things. Busy writing.

Thursday, 24 Dec.; showers and warm. Eunice went over to the Willie Masser place to fix up the hair of one of the girls and brought back a bobtailed kitten that I had admired. Charlie came^a out at 7.30 pm. We opened out^f Christmas packages at 9 p.m. There were presents to and from each of us--and some from Elizabeth.

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4546

Expurgated

Friday, 25 Dec.; cloudy with strong wind. Spent most of the day in the Whippoorwill writing. Had a good fire, good meals, and was interested in my writing. Mr. Hankey came out in the afternoon to adjust the battery radio in the Whippoorwill. I gave him some wine and he sat for more than an hour telling me about his efforts to become a radio technician.

Saturday, 26 Dec.; clear and cold. Sorting periodicals and writing account of 1922. Had a nice letter from Mrs. ^{Gray}~~Kernan~~ who was in Switzerland. Said she was practically separated from her husband, that her income had evaporated, and that her expenses were being paid by her brother.

Expurgated

Sunday, 27 Dec.; clear and warm. We had a nice roast duck for dinner that Elizabeth brought over. Charlie drove to Winchester with Mr. Decker of Frederick who thought he had a prospect of becoming manager of a movie theater.

Monday, 28 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Reading until a late hour last night in Will Durant's "Transition," an interesting biographical account of intellectual development. Eunice and Charlie left for

(1931, Dec. S.H.)

E--4547

Washington. Took sister to town for bran and groceries.

Tuesday, 29 Dec.; clear and cold. Writing notes on 1922 and some letters.

Wednesday, 30 Dec.; clear and mild. The ridge in front of the house was transformed by thinning out the trees, exposing the rocky ledge and giving us a better view of Frederick. Finished notes on the year 1922.

Thursday, 31 Dec.; cloudy and cold. ^rW~~r~~iting last night until midnight and then read until 2 a.m. Had a telephone call from Dr. Manger at the Pan American Union asking about the expenses of the delegates to the agricultural conference of 1930. Later had a telephone message from a young lady asking that I deliver an address at a meeting of a missionary society at Mt. Airy. I declined on the ground that the weather was uncertain at this season of the year and I did not like to drive over unfamiliar roads at night. In the afternoon took mother and sister to a movie picture show in Frederick. Heard the ringing of bells and singing at Heidelberg over the radio.

(Wife, 31 Dec., brown folder)

31 December 1931.

"Dear Nellie:

"I am glad you liked the Sunny Hill box and that it meant much to you.

"Both 'The Blue Bird' by Maeterlink and 'Transition' by Will Durant were read with much pleasure. The 'Blue Bird' is, of course, a fantastic fairy tale, highly sentimental, but none the less charming for that. 'Transition' is an autobiographical description of the social and spiritual evolution of a man whose parents and the Catholic church tried to make into a priest, who broke away and joined a socialist-anarchistic group in New York, who was given a trip to Europe by a rich friend and later a four year course at Columbia University, who married a little Jewish girl to the terror of the parents of both, and who after the birth of a little daughter became philosophic and a successful writer. It is well written, exceedingly interesting, and has a happy ending.

"We have two recent additions to the family, a calf and a kitten. The calf is the prettiest creature of its kind I have ever seen, gentle, playful, and affectionate. The kitten was given to us by the Willie Masser family, and is gray with comical black stripes and a bobbed tail. Its little life is made up of eats, sleeps, and lively plays, and it is absolutely without fear. Sandy, the boisterous Bull-Airdale pup, who seems to think the world was made to be romped with or chewed up, quivered with excitement and eager desire to give the little puff-ball kitten a good bite--just one bite, he seemed to say. Imagine his astonishment when the little thing ran up to him and began to play with his stiff, bristly whiskers. And so there is a comical comedy whenever the two meet.

"For two weeks I have had two men clearing out the trees and brush on the ridge in front of the east border to open up the view of

Frederick and the twinkling ²~~h~~ights at night. It has made quite a transformation in the outlook in that direction. We are still hoping for rain or snow. Wells and springs are still dry and some of the neighbors are still hauling water. Many of the forest trees have died, three-fourths of the laurel died to the ground, and four-fifths of the ferns have disappeared. Fortunately there were just enough showers to make a feed crop in Frederick County this year. Oh, for a rain or snow lasting all day and all night--something Sunny Hill has not had for three years.

"Well, 1931 with its disappointments is about over, thank goodness, and the new year full of hope comes tomorrow. As for me one of my hopes is that you may keep well and be reasonably happy in the way of life you have chosen.

"With best wishes for the New Year,

"L.M.E."

Another year brought to a close and something accomplished. The town house vacated and rented, Sunny Hill renovated and equipped with modern improvements, and myself and my personal belongings moved and installed. Also experience had demonstrated to my complete satisfaction that I could not hope to make the farms pay expenses and I was reconciled to economize in their management and devote myself mainly to living and writing. Wife definitely separated in order that she might manage the lives of the two adopted children who were both married, and to demonstrate her ability to be financially independent of her husband, which so far she had failed to do. This separation was very unsatisfactory to me and much deplored but probably could not be helped because once her mind crystalized it is practicably impossible to change it. My thought was that at the close of another year either she would have to join me or I would seek a divorce and end my feeling of responsibility for her.

It had been a year of stresses and strains and disappointments. One of the most difficult things for me to learn and become reconciled to was my physical inability to do ordinary manual labor about the farm. I knew how and I liked being out doors and the handling of tools and implements, but my store of physical strength was so limited that in less than half an hour I would become completely exhausted, and suffer from fatigue and mental chagrin at my weakness. That lesson had been learned and I had settled down to writing my memoirs and was happy in the doing of it. Life took on another aspect. For nearly two years I had lived in purgatory and was now in a sort of garden of Eden. The only shadow in the background was the limitations of an insufficient income to meet current expenses. I was falling behind about fifty dollars a month, which just happened to be the monthly allowance I was sending to wife.

2 January 1932.

"La mia Carissima Regina dei Cuore:

"Do you know, ma cheri, that the best and most cherished Christmas gift for me by Santa Claus was your letter of December 10 from 'Credit Suisse, Lausanne, Suisse,' which was deposited in my mail box the day before Christmas.

"My little family group had a most enjoyable Christmas. Christmas Eve we gathered around the dining room table piled high with mysterious packages wrapped with highly decorative paper and tied with ribbons and bows. There was my gray-haired mother, my sturdy loyal sister whose hair is ~~is~~ also graying, her daughter Eunice and her husband Charles Worthy. Charles was master of ceremonies and distributed the packages, which were opened in rotation and their interesting contents held up for inspection. Next on the program ~~was~~ music in the parlor decorated with Christmas greens--and such music. Eunice is a violinist and her husband a pianist--both professionals. For two or three hours they entertained us with overtures and selections from the ~~best~~ operas and folk melodies, and then sweetmeats, wine, and good cheer.

"Muy bien, cheri, let us count our blessings, as is fitting at the end of the old and the beginning of the ~~new~~ year. Among my blessings are the friends I have made in all walks of life and in many places, some of whom have talked or written to me about the most intimate spiritual and psychological things of their lives which I suspect they would hesitate to discuss with their nearest relatives--which I take to be the best compliment and proof of friendship a man can receive from others in this life, and therefore correspondingly sacred. To me the sympathetic understanding that comes from intuition knowledge and experience and the invisible reachings out of tentative handclasps of friendship is a most beautiful thing; and above all

things I am sensitive to beauty.

"This instinctive appreciation of beauty in all its forms I count as my greatest blessing, because I see it in everything, everywhere, and always, so that in all my conscious life I have never been lonely, because of the feeling of companionship I have had with everything; with inanimate things because of their beauty of color and form and a history extending back into an infinitely remote past; with all living things in their infinite variety of color, form, motion, and adaptation to environment; and above all with my fellow human beings regardless of race, color, creed, history or condition, interesting because of variations from type, reaction to environment, time, circumstance and heredity; and the beauty of human ideas as expressed in art, science and literature--why, beauty is everywhere and cannot be escaped; and that is why my little human difficulties and worries simply vanish into the limbo of things that do not count, and often I have an irresistible desire to laugh at the absurdity of the ridiculous little troubles that like timid imps and jinxes come sneaking around, and to thumb my nose and twiddle my fingers at the threatening economic shadows on the horizon and the futile efforts of Hoover and his cohorts to exorcise them into the vasty deep.

"Why do I write in this strain--probably because I feel that you are equally sensitive to the universal beauty, humor, and tragedy of all the things that go to make up life.

"A few minutes ago I interrupted the writing of this letter to light a cigar. I glanced through the little window of the three-foot thick stone wall of Whippoorwill Lodge where I have my cosy cubby-hole. In a bank of Forsythia against a stone fence were two Kentucky cardinals chirping cheerily to each other about the boisterous gale last night and the bright sunshine today--what delicate beauty of form, color, and cheery movement and music. Then I stepped out on the front

veranda and looked across the valley shimmering in the morning sunlight after the rain of last night, over peaceful Frederick with wraiths of blue smoke rising out of innumerable chimneys, and across to purple Sugar Loaf Mountain wreathed in silvery mists. Then the sound of an ax and the crash of a tree remind me to step across to the edge of the woods and see how Billie is getting along in clearing out some chestnut trees and brush that do not harmonize with the grove of pines back of them. To my New Year greeting Billie simply grunts. He is a young giant, strong as a horse, inarticulate, taciturn, and inclined to be a little morose, but a willing worker. What's taming this half-savage of primitive brute strength and instincts--why, a little slim wife who recently presented him with a little pink baby girl--and it is love of them that drives him to fiercely demand work and to work like a demon when he gets it. Just another illustration of woman's influence over man, and so I get my trees cut down in record time.

"When I reenter the Whippoorwill the radio catches my eye and I step over to it and turn a knob, wondering what will come to me out of surrounding space. I am just in time to get the stately conclusion of an organ recital. I wait a moment to see what's next and a mellow voice from Chicago announces a reading in Plutarch. Well, I wonder what he can say about Plutarch that will interest this day and generation, so I wait a moment to see how he starts off. It's with an anecdote about Themistocles who said to his scapegrace son: 'Son, do you realize that you rule the world?' and then answered his own question in this wise: 'Athens rules the world; I rule Athens; your mother rules me, and you rule your mother, and through her and me and Athens you rule the world.' And the speaker added: 'which shows that woman was powerful long before the days of universal suffrage.' So much for a fifteen minute interruption. Can la belle Suisse give one

more than that in the same space of time?

"For some weeks I have been undergoing a strange but agreeable experience trying to retrace my steps through the golden past. I am doing this with the aid of a diary kept in shorthand in which I noted day by day the date, place, weather, persons met, and personal experiences, more voluminous and to me more interesting than that of Pepys. As I go along in the still hours of the night, with a jug of cider and a box of cigars by my side, I live over again the incidents of a rather active life and places and scenes and situations and personalities that I had forgotten come back to me with all the vividness of a drama--surely the life of each one of us is a drama, when it's not a tragedy--and as I go along I try to turn it into a narrative, which in itself is a pleasant exercise. And sometimes when I come out of this trance it is one, two, or three o'clock in the morning when I close up shop and go across under the stars to my room in Sunny Hill House and I steal in softly so as not to disturb the others.

"And so, ma cheri, you are not the only one that sleeps until ten or eleven the next morning, has breakfast at high noon, and scandalizes the neighborhood. After nearly forty years of departmental discipline I feel like the sargeant after retirement who hired some one to blow the reveille each morning so that he could stick his head out of the window and tell him in approved military language what he thought of him. ---hold still a minute--a flock of snowbirds are fluttering about in the Forsythia and lilac bushes just outside and one of them has perched on a spray of ivy across my window not three feet from where I sit and his bright little black eyes are peering in at me. What's he saying? Why, 'Chip, chip, tell the little lady that the sun shines bright on Catoctin Mountain and we're all happy at Sunny Hill.'

"I am indeed sorry that I cannot be in Rome and in your company again witness the solemnly beautiful ceremonies in the great cathedrals, the age old ruins of the Eternal City, and the lovely, lovable, and loving Italian people. I am still in correspondence with ~~an~~ some of my friends in Rome and at the Institute. I think you will remember my former secretary, Miss Broad, whom you met at my office. You may remember her as of the masculine type of English girl--well, her soul was bursting with romance like a rosebud in late autumn and it flowered when she married an old time friend, an elderly German artist, one of the gentlest souls I have ever met, against the wishes of her uncompromising British parents--because he was German--and they forbid her ever to darken their doors again. He is from Munich, has a peck of gold medals, some of them American, and when I last called at his studio in Via Margheta he showed me a wonderful collection of his black and white drawings of the celebrated men of Europe during the last quarter of the century. She seems quite happy, except for the separation from her intolerant family.

"Following Miss Broad, Srna. Adriana Vanzetti was assigned to me as secretary; a tall, slender, middle aged Italian blonde, a bundle of nerves and vivacity, who spoke idiomatic English so perfectly that I was surprised when I first heard her rattle off Italian with machine gun precision and rapidity. Born in Italy, she grew up in the Australian bush with relatives, went to London with a girl friend during the war, was adopted by a member of the Italian nobility who later became ambassador to the U.S. and brought her with him, so she knows Washington, and on his death she lost her inheritance in the stock market on the ill advice of friends, and penniless she was glad to accept a pittance of a salary from the Institute. From the Institute she was transferred to the Italian foreign office and accompanied Grandi on his recent mission to Washington. In response to a telegram I met

her at the Mayflower Hotel--and how do you suppose she greeted me in the lobby--why, she flung her arms around my neck and kissed me on both cheeks--those Italian friends are so impulsive. Then we had a lovely dinner and visit together in the beautiful dining room and she told me of her interesting experiences since we parted, which included a year in Moscow with the Italian Embassy. She thought she might be free for a day and we fixed up a nice little program, I to call for her with the car, take her out to Sunny Hill for dinner, and back in time for her train to New York; but we were disappointed. She wrote, or telephoned, that she could not get away. She said that on the trip over she was kept completely occupied translating Grandi's Berlin speeches; arrived at New York they were hustled into a waiting special train for Washington, and from the station they were whisked to the Mayflower, where she was kept so busy day and night ~~that~~ ^{that} she did not have a chance to even step outside the hotel; ^{on} and that/the reverse trip to New York and Italy she was a virtual prisoner. Hard lines for her, surely.

"Latest additions to the family: A fawn colored calf with eyes as soft as those of a gazelle and from the very beginning as gentle and affectionate as a pet. More recently a little white and black ~~stri~~ striped kitten with a bobbed tail and a smile that won't come off, brimming over with curiosity and playfulness, and utterly fearless. Can you visualize the situation when this little mite ran up to the big bull-Airdale pup, who stood with glaring eyes and body quivering with eager desire to pounce upon the little puffball, and began to play with his bristling whiskers. Overcome with surprise and astonishment at the audacity of the kitten he ~~at~~ sank back on his haunches and a most comical expression of bewilderment came into his eyes and ~~a~~ face as he continued to watch with burning interest the strange antics of the little creature that continued to take liberties with his digni-

fied person. And so, day after day, these amusing little dramas are being enacted at Sunny Hill. And among the hill people about Sunny Hill human beings are living their little comedies and tragedies and inklings of it spread instantaneously by underground wireless--quite as exciting and far more interesting than Welt politik.

"But I must stop--see page 4 above.

"I wish you a happy, sunny, bright, satisfying New Year. May your bridge be a complete success. Unfortunately I know no more about it than a new born babe, but I judge that it must be a fascinating game from the frequent references to it I see in the press. Please write me fully and frankly whenever you feel in the mood. Your letter was a glimpse of yourself and the cards you sent a glimpse of Switzerland.

"A riverderci.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4550

Sunday, 3 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill reading and writing and listening to the radio. Mother and sister both looking extremely well.

Monday, 4 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Elizabeth washing. ~~Saw and played with her for a few minutes only~~ ^{but only} because sister was pruning shrubs near by and kept a watchful eye on us. Took sister to town in the afternoon. Stopped to inquire about ammunition for the carbine which I had left at a hardware store. It was an army carbine half a century old and its caliber was different from any modern arm. After two months the hardware man had been unable to find cartridges that would fit it. Missed the little leather case in which I kept my fountain pens.

Tuesday, 5 Jan.; cloudy and cold. I had intended to drive to Washington but the weather was too threatening. Writing account of my Argentine experiences. Weather rather strange and unsatisfactory. For two years there had not been a day when a man could not work out of doors. Such rains as came were always at night or on Sundays. This bothered me in two ways: I had hoped that the hired man or men would have to lose a lot of time on account of wet weather so as to cut down expense for wages. And when the weather was fair I had a strong feeling that I should be doing something outside, and when it was bad I was more contented to sit and write or read in the house.

Wednesday, 6 Jan.; showers and heavy fog. Reading until 3 a.m. and got up at 10 a.m., to the great scandal of my mother who habitually got up about 5 a.m. Writing account of 1924. The battery radio at the Whippoorwill out of commission, and the electric radio at Sunny Hill House could not be used because of static. Had a letter from Walker suggesting that I could help Otis by correspondence.

Thursday, 7 Jan; showers during the night, cloudy and warm

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

4551

by day. Reading last night until 3.45 a.m. Took sister to town in the afternoon for groceries. Last night I made up a financial ~~stat~~ statement for 1931 showing that I had spent more than ten thousand dollars on the two farms. I wondered if they could be sold for that amount.

Friday, 8 Jan.; showers and fog. Lewis, the hired man, had a partial paralytic stroke in the barnyard this morning and had to be taken home. I did the chores and wrote some letters.

✓
(Otis and Thelma, 8 Jan., brown folder)

(~~Washer~~, same. *omit*)

(~~Mrs. Ware~~, same. "*"*)

(Mrs. Sauter, same.)

9 January 1932.

"Farm Bureau Poster Contest,
58 East Washington Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

"Gentlemen:

"For Heaven's sake don't use the poster on the cover page of the 'Bureau Farmer' for January. As a member of the Frederick County (Md.) Farm Bureau I protest.

"(1) It does not symbolize the Farm Bureau. The Farm Bureau ^a is/young, live, growing organization of the progressive farmers of the United States, full of the optimism, vigor, enthusiasm and militant spirit of youth. Agriculture is a thing of beauty, landscapes, farmsteads, healthy families, broad fields, gardens, orchards, meadows and woodlands, attractive domestic animals, and modern mechanical equipment.

"The proposed poster is lifeless and dead and the human figure looks like a cadaver that stands upright only because it has rigor mortis. The homestead is a conventional representation of barren wastes, and both the weapon and the farm implement represent types that were obsolete and forgotten in this country a generation before the Farm Bureau was born.

(2) This poster may best be used as a design for a cheap tombstone.

(3) This poster means to me that the artist (?) was suffering from a nightmare and thought he saw a ghost.

"Have I made myself clear? Smile, darn ye.

Very truly yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4553

Sunday, 10 Jan.; clear and cold. Had an unpleasant experience with the cows in the morning. They refused to stand still. Tired myself out trying to teach the calf to lead with a rope. The calf was stronger and more agile than I. Spent the rest of the day resting.

Monday, 11 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Arranged with Billie Shoemaker to do the chores.

Took sister to town in the forenoon. In the afternoon took a folding cot down for Ed Lewis who had regained consciousness and was to be kept in their little parlor.

Tuesday, 12 Jan.; threatening rain. Mr. Renn came to look at the little Jersey cow that I wished to sell. His best offer was \$35 for the cow and a beautiful calf. I declined because I had paid \$50 for the cow less than a year ago and I thought the price must go up rather than down. At the request of Mr. Marsh of the Frederick News-Post I prepared an outline of my talk for the evening. At 6 p.m. I went to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Had a nice turkey supper, gave a talk that was much applauded, and reached home at 8.30. At my table was the president of the Men's Club, Mr. Moore; the pastor of the church, Mr. Williams; the vice-president of the Farmers & Mechanics Bank, Mr. Gillson; the proprietor of the Community Hardware Company, Mr. McGregor; the orchestra leader, Mr. Hagan; and Mr. Bowers of the Bowers Lumber Company.

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4554

Wednesdy, 13 Jan.; clear and warm. Took the calf to town because it was a male. Lewis had assured us it was a heifer. It had remained in the semidarkness of the barn most of the time and I had paid little attention to it. Billie discovered its sex. Billie succeeded in lifting it into the truck and I drove the truck to town. It weighed 140 pounds and sold for 7 cents a pound, live weight. We had tried to take the calf in the pickup but the engine would not starté. Had a man out from Frederick who found that the trouble was a short circuit. I stopped at Winworth to drive out a neighbor's bull.

Thursday, 14 Jan.; clear and hot (70 degrees). Did some writing and in the afternoon took the sedan to town to be checked up. It was hard to believe that it could be so springlike in January. All fires were out and winter clothing was uncomfortable.

Friday 15, Jan.; cloudy and as mild as sping. Elizabeth brought my fountain pen case which she said her brotherinlaw found near our mail box. In the meantime I had purchased a new fountain pen. She took the stray cat that had been with us for some months. It was an amiable cat but killed many birds and rabbits. We had sent it away several times but it always came back.

Saturday, 16 Jan.; clear and cold. I went to town for cement to point up the crevices in the Whippoorwill. Met ~~Billie~~ on the street and she expressed the hope that she might have a free day the following week so that we could go ^snowhere together. Writing 1923 notss. Charlie and Eunice came out in the afternoon. Charlie had been transferred from a temporary position in the Census Bureau to a permanent position in the Radio Division of the Department of Commerce.

Sunday, 17 Jan.; cloudy and warm. Had a nice luncheon and a

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4555

long nap afterwards. Milton ^Cline came up and sat with me in the Whippoorwill until the signal bell for supper rang. He had heard I wanted the Whippoorwill pointed up and was looking for work. I told him I had already engaged another man. I did not tell him that I had not forgotten that he had disappointed me twice by failing to keep his promise to make me a new cement walk.

Monday, 18 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Elizabeth helping sister. ~~Had no opportunity to be alone with her except to step into a shed for a hug and a kiss.~~ Her husband came up in the afternoon to see about the pointing up work I wanted done. I went to town for sand and cement. Got my carbine and a box of ammunition at the hardware store. Upon my return I found the Rev. Mr. Hough of the Episcopal Church with mother. He talked interestingly about his trip to Palestine many years ago. Wrote Nevin Biser about his bull running at large and breaking into the fields of neighbors.

Tuesday, 19 Jan.; cold and raw. Intended going to Washington but did not because Milton Blank, Elizabeth's husband, came to do some plastering. I went over to the Cunningham place on the Rocky Springs road to see if Mr. Cunningham wanted to buy the little Jersey, but he was away. Had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Cunningham. Beginning to have trouble with my eyes.

Wednesday, 20 Jan.; clear and cold. Went to town in the morning to do some shopping. Brought out a small electric radio I had ordered from Sears Roebuck. Mr. Hankey came out in the afternoon and set it up. It was very satisfactory; ~~infatx~~ in fact, I liked it much better than the large and more expensive one in Sunny Hill House. Had a letter from wife proposing to lease the town house from me for \$85 a month, keeping out \$50 a month for herself and sending me \$35. She said she had learned commercial candy making and her plan was to make homemade candies and rent rooms. Much to

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4556

my regret this project did not appeal to me.

Thursday, 21 Jan.; clear and warm. The McKenzie sawmill started on the woodpile but broke down when about half through. Elizabeth helping sister.

21 January 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"I am sorry I cannot say yes to your letter of the 18th, but there are several reasons why I cannot. One is that the lease gives the tenant an option for renewal for another year beginning April 1st, without which he refused to sign the original lease because he wanted it to run through the bicentennial year. Another is that I am without salaried employment and during the year must pay taxes and insurance on the two places, plus interest on the loan, altogether amounting to more than \$700 cash, besides repairs and other expenses. Neither place can be sold without loss. Sunny Hill so far has been an expense and would not rent for enough to pay taxes--although it is an ideal rent-free home. 1026, however, rents by the year for enough to pay taxes and insurance, and interest, and something over. That is why I felt it absolutely necessary to come out here the moment my salary stopped, and the same reasons, and the same necessity, still exist. A third reason is that I had difficulty in getting the house vacated last year so that it could be rented, and I wish to avoid the same difficulty in future.

"I notice in your letter for the first time in our married life you speak of 'our house' and 'our property.' Yes, why not; but I suppose you did not realize at the time and have long since forgotten how in the years gone by you spurned the very idea of a partnership interest in the salary I earned and the property acquired therewith--which attitude often made it exceedingly difficult and embarrassing for me.

"Just what your property 'rights' are is purely a legal question that neither you nor I know much about and which only a court could decide, and the decision of the court would not depend in the slightest degree on what I thought or you thought about it. My own

idea, right or wrong, is this: Under the English common law, which I understand is the law of Maryland and of the District of Columbia, as modified by statute law, a wife has a dower right to ^a one-third interest in her husband's estate when and after he dies--but not before, and that in order to protect that dower right he cannot deed or encumber real estate without her consent as evidenced by her signature to the papers; also that he is responsible for her debts, unless he shall have given the public notice by due advertisement to the contrary; and that he is responsible for providing her with a home and maintenance so long as she lives with him in the home he provides and maintains marital relations with him, but that she forfeits right to maintenance if she leaves him, refuses to live with him in the home he ~~do~~ provides and ceases to have marital relations with him. I would be glad to have your ideas on this subject, or better still have you consult some one who knows something about it, your nephew George, for instance.

"Because I believed the foregoing, and still believe it, after you ceased having marital relations with me and left me on March 2, 1931 (technical term 'desertion'), I have never felt under the slightest legal obligation to support you--but, not only was I hurt to the heart by the desertion of my wife, my beloved friend through so many years with whom I had hoped to spend our old-age play time, I was deeply distressed that in her blindness she was facing a set of impossible conditions at her time of life and it was up to me to help her to the limit of our slender resources, which I have done, regardless of law, rights, or other considerations, except only debts and protection of our old age maintenance. I at once set aside a reasonable portion of our available savings for you and doled it out month by month to make it go as far as it would; and when that was exhausted, with necessary expenses running on, I appealed to you to join

me in getting a loan, which you did very gracefully, ^{and} which I much appreciated, although it was primarily for your benefit and made necessary by the situation you had created. From the proceeds of that loan I immediately set aside an amount which would enable me to send monthly instalments through the remainder of 1931 and all of 1932, after which it will have to cease unless my financial situation changes.

"When you left me it was for two alleged reasons, as nearly as I could gather: (1) You wished to earn money by your own efforts and become economically independent. With this feeling I fully sympathized, and because you had expressed the same desire so many times during our married life I said to you 'This time I shall not say one word to dissuade you,' because I felt that argument was useless and the only possible way for you to realize practical conditions was to make the trial unhampered by me. (2) You wished to set Otis and Ethel up in housekeeping and be wet nurse to him during his first year of married life, although his wife was much older than he and far more experienced in many ways. Well, that was a dangerous experiment, wholly unnecessary, but again I felt that anything I could say would simply be misinterpreted. My deep feeling is that if there is anything that a young married couple does not want it is parental supervision ~~at~~ during their first year of married life. I felt that your solicitude for them was wholly misplaced and I strongly suspect that no matter what they may say out of respect and politeness to you, they feel the same way about it.

"Meanwhile Sunny Hill is smiling as ever and the fairies continue to dance in the moonlight and the stars and lights of Frederick to twinkle at night. Your home here, the little Cricket House, awaits you and will continue to await you throughout this year, after which the future will depend entirely upon you.

4556--d

"The good little fairies join me in wishing you health and happiness wherever your whimsies, fancies and obsessions may lead you.

"With love,

"Lee."

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4557

Saturday, 23 Jan.; cloudy with light rain. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill with a comfortable fire, cider, and smokes. My eyes were troubling me so I did not attempt to read or write. Listening to the radio which was a great satisfaction. That evening I decided to see how long the radio programs lasted. I sat up all night and there was something every minute until 5.30 a.m. I went to bed at 6 a.m.

Sunday, 24 Jan.; fair and warm. Slept until noon. Shortly after noon Mr. Price, Thelma, and baby, with Otis and Ethel, came out and remained until about 5 p.m. I gave them some wine and cider. I had little opportunity to visit with them because Charlie's chief in the Census Bureau came out with a young woman and child, stayed to supper, and did not leave until nearly 8 p.m. This spoiled my visit with the young folks.

Monday, 25 Jan.; clear and cold. Elizabeth did the washing but

Tuesday, 26 Jan.; cloudy and warm. Had wood piled in the cellar against "bad weather," which seemed a thing of the remote past. For nearly two years we had had little or no rain but mostly sunshine, mild temperatures, not much wind, and scarcely any freezing or snow. So far January had been like March or April. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill without accomplishing much because of my eyes. Eunice spending the week with us.

(Mr. Price, 26 Jan., brown folder)

(1932, Jan. S.H.)

E--4559

Wednesday, 27 Jan.; clear and warm, high wind. Writing notes on 1923. Sat up late last night drafting a letter to Mr. Nat C. Murray, but it was so long that I decided not to type it.

Thursday, 28 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Slept a good deal during the day on account of my eyes.

Friday, 29 Jan.; fog and light rain. Writing notes on 1923. I had never experienced so mild a January in the United States, not even in Texas. Narcissus up two inches.

Saturday, 30 Jan.; light rain during the night and clearing with high wind. From the Whippoorwill I caught a glimpse of the Potomac in the sunlight. Drove to town for some things. Charley came out in the afternoon.

Sunday, 31 Jan.; clear and cool. Writing notes on 1923. It was warm and comfortable in the houses. On top of Observatory Hill back of the houses the trees were shrieking and swaying in the wind that was almost a gale. After supper Eunice and Charlie gave us some good music.

Monday, 1 Feb.; clear and cold. Difficult to concentrate on anything because of the address I had agreed to deliver before the Lions Club of Middletown. It was held in a long dining room with about forty members present. I talked on Australia and was highly complimented. Writing notes on 1923.

Tuesday, 2 Feb.; unsettled and cold. Making up accounts and income tax return. Spent \$105 in January more than income, which excess represented most labor and a large woodpile. Over the radio I listened to Sir Arthur Henderson talk for nearly two hours on disarmament at Geneva. His voice came very clear and distinct. The Japanese took possession of Shanghai, much to the consternation of other nations.

(1922, Jan. 2, H.)

W-4552

Wednesday, 27 Jan.: clear and warm, high wind. Writing notes on 1922. Set up late night drafting a letter to Mr. H. C. Murray but it was so long that I decided not to type it.

Thursday, 28 Jan.: clear and pleasant. Slept a good deal

during the day on account of my eyes.

Friday, 29 Jan.: fog and light rain. Writing notes on 1922.

I had never experienced so mild a January in the United States, not even in Texas. Hereabouts up two inches.

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with high wind. From the Whippoorwill I caught a glimpse of the

Potomac in the sunlight. Drove to town for some things. Charlie

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disarmament at Geneva. His voice came very clear and distinct.

The Japanese took possession of Shanghai, much to the consternation

tion of other nations.

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4560

Wednesday, 3 Feb.; rain during the night; clearing and warm in the afternoon. Writing notes on 1923-4.

Thursday, 4 Feb.; a gale of wind last night and today. Did a number of odd jobs, including a ditch in the barn lot, and writing.

Friday, 5 Feb.; clear and pleasant. Took sister to town for groceries. Some odd jobs and writing.

Saturday, 6 Feb.; cloudy and calm. Had a letter from Otis saying he was out of work and offering to do light work at Sunny Hill at any price. Laddie and Sandy spending their nights roving and coming back morning much damaged.

(Otis, 6 Feb., brown folder)

6 February 1932.

"Dear Otis:

"Your letter of yesterday came today. I am sorry to hear that you lost your job with the A. & P. It must have happened about the time you all came out here two Sundays ago. If so, I am sorry we did not have an opportunity to talk it over, because in a letter many things have to be left unsaid.

"Yes, selling insurance on the street is anything but easy--yet your Uncle Roger made his living that way, and paid for his home besides, and Father Estabrook did it for some months, or maybe a year, and both were getting to be old men. You are fortunate in being young and can rest up quickly after being tired out. An old man tires quickly and it takes him a long time to recover.

"Because you have written to me in time of need I very much want to help you, but it will not be easy for the simple reason that I am short of money, and I don't see any more coming my way for a time yet. My salary stopped with December, 1930. All efforts to continue in the government service after that date failed. The 1026 house rent goes for cash allowance to Mommie, commissions, taxes, K insurance and repairs. Sales from Sunny Hill last year did not pay for hired labor, seed, feed, and fertilizer. For this reason I am cutting down on hired labor and will do without it entirely if the flowers do not pay out next June.

"I appreciate the spirit of your proposal to work on the farm for anything I am willing to pay. The trouble is that I cannot pay a cent more than I am obliged to, and the fact that you know nothing about farm work--all your previous visits to Sunny Hill having been spent in play and loafing. Farm work looks simple, but it isn't. It can be learned only by doing and with much practice, and it doesn't pay as much as selling insurance from house to house. There are a lot of things that have to be done on a farm for which one is not paid--just like shaving yourself, or polishing your own shoes, or making your own fire, or

washing the dishes, or keeping house--we do these things for ourselves, but would never be satisfied to do them for others without pay, because we could make more and be more independent selling peanuts on the streets of a city. If one owns a small farm with wood and water on it, a comfortable house to live in, a garden and orchard, he can live very comfortably working for himself, although he may have very little money to spend and cannot afford to hire others to do his work for him. That is about my situation and why I think your city life has unfitted you for farm life, no matter how willing you may now feel to undertake it. Two years ago something could easily have been done about it, but I feel that it is now too late.

"Mommie's decision to desert me in order that she might look after you has made it hard for all of us, and herself as well. The fifty dollars a month I am sending her would go much farther and she would be much more comfortable at Sunny Hill than in Washington. So long as I keep up this allowance it seems to me that it is up to her to look out for you without any further help from me. I say this in all kindness to her and to you.

"This isn't helping you much, is it? Well, all I can advise at the moment is:

=(1) Stick to your insurance job, or any job you can get, because something is always better than nothing. In the meantime, I will make inquiry in Frederick to see if there is any chance for you at the A. & P. store here. I fear not because today's paper says there are 378 applicants for work at the unemployment bureau. I feel that your chances are better in Washington than anywhere else at this time because Washington is less affected by the general depression than any other place because the government salaries go on at just the same. More money circulates in Washington in a month and every month than in the entire State of Maryland. I also think your chances would be

better to get employment in a garage or service station than at anything else because~~y~~ you know something about automobiles, there is less competition than in clerking, the wages are higher, and the business is growing.

"(2) If worse comes to worst and you are completely without resources, and Mommie cannot look out for you, which was her main reason for leaving me, let me know and I will come after you and bring you and Ethel out for a visit, on the understanding that you both turn to and help take care of yourselves and other things the same as the rest of us. This would give you a breathing spell and a chance to look for employment in Frederick. You will both be welcome so long as you fit into the scheme of things and do your part.

"And now my boy, I hope you may both enjoy good health, that you will keep up your courage, and that you will have good luck in finding employment. I want you to feel that if and when all else fails you can always find a refuge at Sunny Hill until you can make a fresh start.

"At any rate, write whenever you feel like it and let me know how you are making out. And so long until next time.

"Daddy."

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4561

Sunday, 7 Feb.; clear and warm. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill writing. Told Emory ^Cline he could thin out the pine grove and have the wood.

Monday, 8 Feb.; clear, warm and pleasant. Took sister to town for groceries. Took wire down to lower place for poultry yard. The Bartholo's left suddenly without paying their rent. Also they took with them an oil cooking range I had sold to them without paying for it.

Tuesday, 9 Feb.; went to town for more wire netting. On the way out I saw a smokehouse on fire and stopped a few minutes to watch it. The fire department came out from Frederick. The men ran a hose line to a small stream and soon put the fire out, but the smokehouse was in ruins. However, the dwelling near it was undamaged.

Feeling badly. My trouble was undoubtedly ^{periodic} constipation which brought on great enervation and disinclination to do anything. After getting relief I feel quite normal for several days. Of course, this ^{trouble} ~~trouble~~ could be overcome by proper diet, exercise, and medicines; but my difficulty was that I failed to become aware of ^{the} ~~my~~ condition until it was too late; and, besides, I had a growing aversion to taking drugs of any kind.

Wednesday, 10 Feb.; cloudy and warm. Had a letter from wife saying she heard from Mrs. Maddox to the effect that David Currier, Sr., my old friend in Buenos Aires, had died last August, that her daughter Elizabeth was still there, and that David, Jr., could not marry because he had no divorce from his second wife.

A Mr. Schultz came out to look at the cows. His best offer was \$50 for the two cows and a heifer calf, although I paid \$110 for them less than a year ago. I declined his offer. They were worth more than that for meat. I invited him over to the Whippoorwill to have some cider. At first he declined and then changed his mind. I brought

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4562

up a jug of hard cider and sat him in a comfortable chair by the fire, thinking he should have some compensation for his fruitless visit. He sat there for nearly four hours, and as he mellowed up from the effects of the cider his face got as red as a strawberry and he insisted on telling me his life's history. It was not uninteresting, but when the cider was gone I did not offer to get any more lest he have an accident going down the mountain. He staggered a little on his way to the car but carried his load well. Perhaps this was because he had been a deputy sheriff for some years.

Mother having one of her periodic attacks of indigestion and we had Dr. Hedges out to put her on a diet. She was miserable when she could not eat. I had noticed the same phenomenon with Miss Graham who lived with us many years in Washington. As she grew older eating seemed to be her principal pleasure and the most important thing in her life, and she had to take periodical courses in medicine to keep going.

Thursday, 11 Feb.; fair and warm. Writing until 33.30 a.m. and slept late. Drove to Frederick for supplies. In the afternoon Mr. Price and Thelma came out with the baby. They remained for supper and left at 8 p.m. While Thelma and the baby were with the folks at the Sunny Hill House Mr. Price and I were left alone at the Whippoorwill. He said that he received \$175 a month as a chauffeur, but had difficulty in meeting household expenses, payments on his car, and doctor's bills for Thelma; that he had consented to enter the family combination with wife and Otis and his wife only because he wanted to get rid of Nadine, who was working on the street and taking Thelma with her, and that after receiving a number of telephone calls in men's voices for Thelma to join them he had threatened to leave her if she did not stop it; that he refused to let Otis use his car; that my wife spoiled their private life; that wife would disappear for a

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4565

Monday, 15 Feb.; clear and cool. Elizabeth washing. She came over to the Whippoorwill for a few minutes but did not stay. Simply had time for a hug and a kiss. She wanted a piece of spare roofing material and asked for an option on on a chicken hover, both of which I gave her.

Tuesday, 16 Feb. M clear and cool. Took sister to town for supplies. Writing notes for 1925. In the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Apple of Hood College came out with an oil painting of Washington that mother had presented to the college. They wanted to use it at the Washington bicentennial celebration and asked mother to be present.

Wednesday, 17 Feb.; following rain at night, foggy morning, clearing afternoon. Writing 1925 notes. Sister Nellie wanted an electric cooking range badly. I told her she could apply to the purchase price the fifty-dollar credit deposit I had with the Potomac Edison Company.

Thursday, 18 Feb.; clear and cold. The agent for the electric cooking range came out and sister signed the contract for payment by monthly instalments after deducting the credit I had given her. We were disappointed and somewhat concerned at not having any real winter weather. The last eleven days had been bright and fairly warm. Had a letter from Mr. Montgomery at the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome asking for a further contribution to help finance Srta. Pavlova in her operative training.

Friday, 19 Feb.; cloudy and cold. Took sister to town for groceries. I bought some second hand books. The paper reports many woodland fires because of the mild dry winter.

Saturday, 20 Feb.; fair and cold. Writing letters and pruning.

~~(Longobardi, 20 Feb., brown folder.)~~ *omit*

~~(Montgomery, same.)~~ *omit*

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4566

Sunday, 21 Feb.; fair and cold. Eunice and Charlie came out early. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp came over from Clifton. He said he was an entomologist and knew this region very well.

Monday, 22 Feb.; fair, warm and springlike. Sat up ~~nt~~ until 3 a.m. drafting a letter to wife. Took mother to Hood College and sat through the Washington exercises. After his address Dr. Apple drew aside drapery that covered the ~~paint~~ picture of Washington mother had painted, explained that it had been donated to the college by mother, and asked her to stand up for the benefit of the audience. She did so and was evidently greatly pleased at this recognition of her artistic ability. The affair lasted about an hour and we declined to take luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. Apple.

Had a nap in the afternoon. Heard that Mrs. Gladhill, formerly Mrs. George Masser, had left her husband and had returned with her children and livestock to her mountain farm.

Tuesday, 23 Feb.; clear and cold. Did some pruning and went to town for cow feed.

✓
(Wife, 23 Feb., brown folder.)

23 February 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Somehow I ~~we~~ have been thinking of you more than usual the last few days. Perhaps it is because the anniversary of our separation draws near. Do you recall the Line-a-Day Book in shorthand that I started many years ago? Well, the line written a year ago today reads: 'Wife and I went out for supper. Tired. Sat reading in the rocking chair and listening half awake to some music over the radio. When I turned it off found wife weeping with head bowed on a chair, a most pathetic figure. Refused to be comforted or to explain what was the matter.'

"Reading this I have a most poignant feeling and a strong desire to hold you in my arms and to see you smile again. The few times I have seen you since you were the same little pathetic figure and each time I felt like snatching you away, and would have done so but for what had gone before--your statement that you did not intend to accompany me to Sunny Hill but, instead, to seek fortune, independence and happiness in Washington and, incidentally, protect Otis--what from, only you know--and my statement, which to me meant a promise, that I would say nothing or do nothing to dissuade you from having your own way. Well, I have tried to keep that promise although it cost me many a struggle because of my desire to be with you, to provide for you, and to share with you, and because it meant the frustration of our plans to spend our declining years in peace and happiness at Sunny Hill, which was to be the play-time of our old age. So it was, my dear, you had your way. I wonder if you feel that it has been worth all it cost? I wonder if you found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow--congenial employment, independence, and happiness? I wonder if you realize what you missed by not being here to see the transformations at Sunny Hill and the changes wrought by the seasons, and the pleasure

of making kindly friendships, and of exploring the surrounding country together? I wonder if it ever crosses your mind that the happiest days we spent together were our vacations and that my retirement from the public service, with all its responsibilities and anxieties, would leave me free to make of it one long vacation? I wonder if 1930 looks the same to you now as it did then? Most of all, I wonder if you take thought for the morrow, this year, next year, the year after, and so on to the end? Does the prospect promise more than life with me at Sunny Hill?

"I would have no word of blame or reproach creep into this because time has healed wounds and softened disappointment. You see, my dear, the vision of my beloved little wife as a 'pathetic figure' stirs me deeply. I want you to be happy, or to have assurance that you are happy as one can be in this complex life of ours. I feel strongly that after living together for so many years you would be happier with me in your own home at Sunny Hill than anywhere else. I wonder how you ~~fe~~ feel about it, and whether you could bring yourself to write frankly?

"If you are satisfied and contented with your present situation, mode of life and prospects, well and good, but I should like to know it; if not, it is even more important that I should know it in order that I may be helpful, as I so much wish to be. I have missed you greatly; but in writing this I am not thinking of myself but of you and your happiness or unhappiness.

"I want you to be happy--as happy as you seemed to be in times past; so here's hoping.

"Affectionately yours,

"Lee.

(1932, Feb. S.H.)

E--4567

Wednesday, 24 Feb.; cloudy and cold. Looking over seed catalog. We were troubled with dogs barking about the place nights. Also both Laddie and Sandy spend their nights off the place.

Thursday, 25 Feb.; clear and pleasant; freezing in the morning. Ed Laddie in bad shape and probably I would have ended his trouble had I seen him first, but sister got him into the lumber room. She had wanted to bring him into the house to be nursed and cared for but I issued an ultimatum to the effect that I would not consent to live in the same house with a large dog, especially a mangy dog or one that was crippled from fights and dissipation. I said that dogs were all right in their place, but their place was not inside of a private residence.

Friday, 26 Feb.; clear and warm. Drove the truck to town to have it serviced and then to a lumber yard for material with which to repair the wagon. While waiting I did some shopping. In the afternoon did some pruning. Some ladies came out and presented a letter from the Dorchester Garden Club of Cambridge, Maryland, asking that I talk at one of their meetings. Had a letter from Mr. Price saying that he wanted to borrow \$2,000 to make a payment on a house he wished to buy; that he had an argument with my wife about interfering with the bringing up of the baby; that she was going to move to Emma Burton's spare room at Randall Highlands; that Otis was working part time only, and coming home at noon and sleeping the rest of the day; and that when the insurance superintendent called at the house Otis told him he did not have to work for a living. All of which was interesting, if true.

(Dog article, 26 Feb., brown folder.)

26 February 1932.

"The Editor of the Post,

Frederick, Md.

"Dear Sir:

--The Dog Nuisance--

"Can anything be done to abate the dog nuisance in portions of Frederick County? In common with most people I like dogs, the most companionable of all domestic animals and man's most faithful friend, provided they are decently clean, affectionate, obedient, and behave themselves as respectable dogs should. But the half-starved, unkempt, diseased, noisy curs that wander from place to place, especially at night, fighting or enticing away and corrupting the manners of respectable dogs, and making their headquarters at the cabin of some poor family that cannot maintain one dog decently, are simply a nuisance to a whole community. From Shookstown up to High Knob dogs have multiplied greatly in recent years--probably in inverse ratio to financial returns from farming, it being a world-wide axiom that the poorer people become the more dogs they accumulate. Apparently every known breed is represented. It is said that one poor family near the Shookstown road has nine dogs, another five,, and many of them three or two, the family with only one dog being the rare exception--as rare as aristocrats or men with common sense. A goodly proportion of these dogs are of the feminine gender. At certain seasons the females feel the social urge to visit all the houses in the neighborhood. The gallant males can do no less than follow her lead. In fact the males, most of them quite respectable ordinarily, desert all for the wanton light-o-love, join the procession, engage in free-for-all fights with their rivals for her favor, and after a glorious jamboree return in a day or two dejected, chewed up, battle-scarred, limping, lame, and much the worse for wear. In due time the dog population is further increased.

"Now, a reasonable number of dogs ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ a neighborhood is a good thing, just as a reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog because it gives him occupation and keeps his mind off his troubles; but just as excess of virtue becomes a vice so too much of a good thing becomes an evil. The Shookstown neighborhood has altogether too much of a good thing in the way of dogs.

"I maintain two dogs, which is one too many, but one of them is old and will soon be a candidate for the dog heaven. For the privilege of supporting these dogs and to help the county treasury I paid a tax and have a tag for each of them. I have every reason to believe, however, that some of my neighbors, the alleged owners of sundry numerous dogs in and around Shookstown, along the Shookstown road and the lower slopes of the mountain, have neglected this little formality--an oversight on their part due possibly to the fact that no representative of the county government has brought the matter directly to their attention.

"This suggests to me the thought, and I pass it on as a suggestion to the Honorable the County Commissioners, that much needed revenue might be derived by enforcing the dog tax law. If it is not a good law it ought to be repealed. But good or bad, so long as it is not repealed, it should be enforced. If the dog population of the Shookstown neighborhood and the proportion of unpaid dog taxes is a fair sample of the rest of the county, here is a regular gold mine for the County Commissioners. Are the sheriff and deputy sheriffs, the constable and deputy constables, and all the J.P.'s. busy with other and more important matters? Let us hope they are. But that presents no difficulty. The county treasury needs money. A nice fat dog tax awaits collection. The unemployment committee of Frederick has a long list of men in need of jobs. Just deputize a sufficient number of these unemployed as constables, pin tin badges on them, and start them

out in pairs to take a dog census in a house to house canvass, count the dogs on the premises and check their number against the tags or tax receipts their owners can exhibit, and make a suitable record of the facts. Owners should be notified to pay their overdue dog taxes within a specified period, say a week or ten days. Promptly on the expiration of this period there should be a thorough follow-up campaign, another house to house canvass and checking up of number of dogs against tax receipts. On this visit the deputies should be authorized to collect unpaid taxes on the spot or shoot the surplus dogs on sight.

"I would also suggest and recommend to the Honorable the County Commissioners the advisability of authorizing all persons whomsoever to shoot on sight any dog trespassing on their property or on the public highway without collar and tag to show that his alleged owner claims sufficient ownership in him to have paid the required tax. Inasmuch as one female ~~dog~~ can cause more trouble and raise more Cain than twenty males, at least in the case of dogs, why not raise the tax on female dogs to, say, ten dollars each.

"Can any one doubt that the measures I have suggested would increase the county revenue, give jobs to some of the county's unemployed, and greatly reduce the surplus of worthless dogs population? All that is necessary to insure the success of the scheme is to offer the deputy dog catchers a percentage of the tax collected and a bounty of so much per head on the untaxed dogs they send to the dog heaven.

"Let's hear from other communities, to the end that the Honorable County Commissioners may feel that they have public support back of any action they may or may not decide to take.

Leon M. Estabrook,
A friend of all good dogs and their honest owners.
Sunny Hill Farm, R. 5,
Frederick, Md.

28 February 1932.

"Dear Mr.Price:

"I was pleased to receive your letter of the 25th and glad to hear that you are thinking of buying a house, because if there is anything that you and Thelma would regret ten or twenty years from now it would be having paid rent all those years and having nothing to show for it. This project appeals to me very strongly and my only regret is that I am not now in a positinn to help you finance it.

"I would suggest that you talk the matter over with the secretary of the Perpetual Building and Loan Association, corner of 11th and E Streets, N.W. He can tell you what can and cannot be done. I paid out 1026 through them and I found them always very courteous and accommodating. Another thing: Within the last few years I know that the real estate agents sold houses in the vicinity of Petworth with little or no down payments--simply signed up a contract of sale and started the buyer out on a monthly payment basis of \$35 to \$50 per month, which took care of payments and interest so that at the end of a certain period the buyer got a deed; in other words, the buyer paid about the same as rent, lived in his own house, and in the course of time owned it with a clear title.

"If Sunny Hill were only about thirty miles nearer Washington I could let you have the lower house--7 rooms, electricity, tank water, garden and freedom of the place for \$20 a month, but of course the distance makes that impracticable.

"About the time I notified my wife that I could not see my way clear to turning 1026 over to her, I had a strong hunch that her next move would be to the vacant room in Emma Burton's house in Randall Highlands. If she goes that will be the wisest thing she has done in more than two years--provided she is determined not to live with me at Sunny Hill. She can live there very nicely on the small allowance

I make her until next December, when that allowance will come to an absolute end. So long as I am alive and Sunny Hill is open to her with a welcome, you and Thelma need have no feeling that you are in any way responsible for her financial upkeep.

"Evidently Otis is running true to form and has not yet learned the lesson that sooner or later he will have to learn, namely, that no one in the world owes him a living, and that if he wants to eat and wear clothes he will have to earn them by his own efforts. Recently I wrote him that he could come to Sunny Hill whenever all else failed for a temporary period until he could get a job--but he would be expected to work without pay and there would be no automobile for him to run around in. If he comes, you can bet your sweet life I'll see that he earns his grub and he will be only too glad to go to work in town. In a second letter I made it perfectly clear that if he brought Ethel she would be expected to help with the family washing, the house work, and the garden work, and I suggested that neither of them could expect to be very happy because I could ^{see} no good reason why any one here should be expected to wait on them, supply them with anything, or change our habits in any way. For this reason I do not expect them out. Just the same, so long as Sunny Hill is open to them on condition that they work and earn their living, neither you nor Thelma should feel that you are under the slightest obligation to furnish them a home or contribute to paying their expenses.

"The foregoing may sound a little hard on Otis--but it is his only salvation. Naturally and by heredity he was indolent, self-indulgent, and a spendthrift. Unfortunately my wife encouraged by every means in her power these handicap traits, with the result that when I came back to stay I found the worst spoiled pup I had ever seen, a misery to himself and a nuisance to everybody else. If I could have had a little cooperation from my wife I feel that these

handicaps could have been modified and overcome somewhat, but any suggestion from me that the boy should either study or work and that if he really wanted anything he should do something in return for it was met with fierce opposition and the charge that I was a cruel monster, jealous, and all sorts of things that were bad. Well, I still have great faith in Otis--after he has learned his lesson and consents to get down to brass tacks, be a little less selfish and a little more considerate of others.

"Just now I think the best thing that can happen to Otis is for you and Thelma to give up the house you are now in--because you will be held responsible for the rent, which is too much, rent inexpensive rooms somewhere until you can do better, and tell Otis he must look out for himself--and if he can't make it to come out to Sunny Hill and work for his board until he can find something better. I'll sure see that he earns it.

"I'm sorry I can't help you in the house deal. Two years ago I could and would have done it gladly. I spent my surplus in fitting up Sunny Hill as my old age home and borrowed on 1026 to finance my wife. The income from 1026 just about pays taxes, insurance, and upkeep. The farm has been an expense, partly due to two years unprecedented drouth. I have enough cash to pay labor bills and buy seed and fertilizer until July 1st. If the flowers pay out in May and June, well and good; if not, I shall discharge all labor and let the place take care of itself. In the meantime, I can live very comfortably on a small retirement pension which is absolutely sure and will last as long as I live. This means that I am short of cash for my own needs and cannot help anyone with money--but I can offer a temporary home and refuge to other members of the family in time of absolute need, and this includes you and Thelma as well as the others.

"Please keep the matter of the pension under your hat, because

wifey has been so independent and uncommunicative that I could see no good reason for telling her about it.

"Bring Thelma and the baby out occasionally, and write me freely when you feel like it.

"Regards and best wishes to all.

Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4569

Monday, 29 Feb.; clear and springlike. Did some odd jobs and wrote letters.

Tuesday, 1 March; clear and cold with high wind. Took mother and sister to Washington and brought Eunice back with us. I went to the Cosmos Club and read papers and magazines. Then to the Farm Hands Club lincheon at the Harrington Hotel. Among others I was asked to say something and I described the pleasures of country life as I was living it, a little physical work about the place and most of the time with my books and souvenirs and writing reminiscences of the last fifty years which enabled me to live over again a very interesting life. The chairman said they had not realized they had another David Grayson in their midst. This talk aroused much interest because what I had described probably pictured what each one of them had dreamed of doing.

At Sunny Hill we had a nice supper and a comfortable house while the wind howled outside.

(Wife, 1[✓] March, brown folder)

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4570

Wednesday, 2 March; clear and cool. Had a letter from Mrs. Charlotte Ware of Boston notifying me that I had been elected a member of the American Committee to Cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture and inclosing a statement to the effect that the State Department had resumed relations with the Institute. Also had an invitation from the Frederick City Garden Club to attend a meeting at which Mr. Morrison of the Department of Agriculture would make an address.

✓
(Mrs. Ware, 2 March, brown folder)

2 March 1932.

Dear Mrs. Ware:

"I have your letter of February 29 with notice of my election to membership on the American Committee on the International Institute of Agriculture, which I accept with pleasure.

"The typewritten statement of the Chairman inclosed with your letter was especially interesting. I am greatly pleased that the deadlock between the Department of State and the Institute has at last been broken and that the way is open to renew support and active cooperation by the United States Government with the Institute.

"I was particularly pleased to note that the decision to cooperate followed 'an extensive examination of the work of the Institute during a period of some six months,' because upon my return to the U.S. Department of Agriculture at the beginning of 1930 I submitted a lengthy memorandum to Dr. Woods, Director of Scientific Work, in which I charged that the Permanent Delegate had blundered after the meeting of the General Assembly of 1928 and had misled the State Department, through extreme bias growing out of his violent personal controversy with the President of the Institute, and recommended that at the first opportunity some unbiased person or persons in whom both the Department of State and the Department of Agriculture might have confidence should be requested to look into the matter and report the facts as they found them. The desired action was delayed longer than I expected--I suspect because Mr. Hobson was in a position to discourage such action by reason of his employment and presence in Washington and the fact that he was regarded as an authority on the Institute, and rightfully so, but unfortunately badly biased because of his enmity. Also, he had practically and skillfully made up the entire record--as an attorney would make up a record for a particular purpose--and there were few sufficiently informed, or interested, or in a position to successfully dispute it. Quite naturally the responsible officials

in Washington were misled when they consulted the records available to them or the one man in Washington who knew most about the details of the Institute's organization, financing, and the controversy he had forced upon it, so that the information they had to guide them was rather one-sided.

"Well, that unfortunate phase of the situation appears to have receded into the past--but it leaves an aftermath of a totally inadequate appropriation which I fear will prove a serious handicap. Sometime in the summer of 1930, when the item ~~was~~ was under consideration by the Budget Bureau or the Appropriation Committee, one of Assistant Secretary Carr's assistants called me on the telephone and asked if I did not think it wise to discontinue all of the appropriation for the Institute except so much as was required by treaty. I urged him to keep the appropriation alive because our withdrawal from active cooperation could be only temporary, that if the U.S. did not resume relations within the fiscal year the unexpended balance would revert to the Treasury without cost to the Government, that it had taken many years to persuade Congress to make the appropriation, and that if once it was discontinued it would require more years to restore it. I knew this as a matter of personal experience because on one or more occasions Mr. Carr asked me to help present the argument before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and I feel that it was my argument that led Mr. Rogers, Chairman, in 1921 to recommend that the salary of the Permanent Delegate be increased from \$2,500 to \$5,000. (I argued for \$7,500, but Mr. Rogers said that was more than was paid to U.S. Consuls and many Ministers, for which reason it would be regarded as a political plum and we would have difficulty in getting the type of man appointed that we wanted for Permanent Delegate).

"I am glad that the United States will be represented at the meetings of the Permanent Committee, and presumably at other important

meetings at the Institute, by an experienced representative of the State Department. His presence will greatly encourage the Committee, especially the small group of hard-working Permanent Delegates resident in Rome who do the real constructive work of the Institute. However I strongly feel that the organization, work and service of the Institute is so important to the agriculture of this country that the United States should be represented by a Permanent Delegate, trained and experienced in agricultural organization, resident in Rome, and continuously on the job. I sincerely hope that the officials of the State and Agricultural Departments, having had a change of heart and being disposed to view matters in a different light, all friends of the Institute, and those who appreciate the importance of its present and potential service to American agriculture in future will unite in trying to get an adequate appropriation and a competent Permanent Delegate at Rome so that the United States can cooperate effectively and in a manner commensurate with its important agricultural industry.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

Mrs. Charlotte Barrel Ware,
Secretary, American Committee on the
International Institute of Agriculture,
State House,
Boston, Massachusetts.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4571

Thursday, 3 March; clear and pleasant. Pulled up some dead weeds in the narcissus field and wrote orders for garden and flower seed.

Friday, 4 March; raining lightly. I spent the day in the Whippoorwill very comfortably. I thoroughly enjoyed this rainy day, one of the first in a year.

Saturday, 5 March; a clear lovely day. Sister and assistants moved the four large cider barrels from the packing room to a lean-to in order to get the room ready for the narcissus season. In the afternoon I took mother, sister, and Eunice to town to do ~~some~~ shopping. Charlie came out in the afternoon. Had a letter from Adriana saying she had not heard from me since she left Washington.

Sunday, 6 March; a blizzard. The mercury dropped from 49 degrees last evening to 25 degrees this morning, a drop of 24 degrees. The electric wires were all down so that we were deprived of electric lights, frigidair, telephone, radio, and water from the electric pump in Sunny Hill House. We were completely isolated and the ground and everything else was covered with snow and ice. Fortunately we had an ample supply of wood, and coal, and provisions. We got out all the oil lamps and put them in order. The last word over the radio about the Lindburg^{crgh} baby was that it had not yet been found, nor had communication been established with the kidnappers. Many trees were blown down as the result of a heavy load of snow and ice and gales. The cedar trees were loaded with snow and ice and were almost lying on the ground. Charlie and Eunice were caught away from Washington. Charlie was worrying as to how he could report for duty the following morning. He seemed to think it was highly important because of his recent transfer and newness in his last position.

Monday, 7 March; clear, very cold, and high wind. Snow on everything and hard to dig out. Charlie greatly worried because he

(1932, March, S H.)

E--4572

could not report for duty at his new office. He left shortly after 8 o'clock to walk through the snow drifts five miles to Frederick from which point he hoped to go by train to Washington. I dug paths in the snow between the buildings. During the day I wrote a letter to the chief of the division in which Charlie worked explaining his predicament. I took the letter to the mail box and found the road fairly clear but heavy drifts were forming which would prevent vehicles from getting through to Frederick. There was no sign of life in the valley. I walked back by the pine grove where men had been thinning out the trees. Many of the selected trees that had been left standing were prostrate. We missed the electric lights more than anything else.

Tuesday, 8 March; clear and cold. The mail carrier got through today. The papers reported this to be the worst blizzard in twenty-five years, many deaths, much suffering, and damage to property. A letter from Charlie said he reached Frederick all right but had to wait until evening for a train to Washington. We had good fires going all day and kept the houses warm.

Wednesday, 9 March; clear and cold. I was suffering last night and today from overexertion in clearing paths in the snow.

Thursday, 10 March; clear and cold with rising wind. Up last night until 3 a.m. writing. In the forenoon drove to Frederick in the sedan. The snow was deep in places and only a single track through that had been made by the mail carrier. Many telephone poles by the roadside were down. I brought out supplies. Billie had to thaw out the pipes and faucets to the water tanks.

Friday, 11 March; clear and colder. Sweeping snow off the walks. Had a long nap in the afternoon.

Saturday, 12 March; clear and warmer. In the forenoon I drove to town for bran and other things. Received two books from the Book-of-

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4575

-the-Month Club, one on Mozart and the other "And Life Goes On."

Sunday, 12 March; Spent the day very comfortably in the Whippoorwill. The electricians were out, strung the wires, and turned on the current. We greatly appreciated the convenience of electric lights again and eagerly turned on the radio. We had not realized before how much we had missed it.

Had an argument with sister and mother about Laddie, the big collie. He belonged to Eunice and she was very foolish over him, as much so as a woman infatuated with a lover. She not only kept him with her in the house but rather seemed to think the dog should be kept in the house when she was away which, of course, was most of the time because she was living in Washington. The dog was badly spoiled by petting and coddling and laid about wherever he pleased and never got up to make way for a person. In fact he acted as if he thought the house and everything in it belonged to him. The rooms were small and he was as big as a calf. Also he was mangy and left bunches of hair and insects wherever he went and he smelled abominably. Because of his nightly dissipations he was thoroughly disreputable in appearance. I refused to let ^{him} in the house or even in the cellar because of his unfitness and my belief that he would be just as comfortable in the barn or a shed where he would be out of the way. I raised a storm of protest when I suggested that if women would share with men a part of the attention and affection they lavished on dogs both men and women would be happier. Mother said she thought that was a horrible doctrine because men did not deserve such affection. I suggested that if Eunice loved her dog so devotedly she should take him to Washington and live with him in her cramped apartment, and not expect other people to put up with him.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4574

Monday, 14 March; clear and ~~very~~ cold. Wrote out a statement of account with the tenant at the lower place, showing that she owed me \$19 to the 15th when she was to move. I walked through pine grove down to the lower place just in time to see the rear end of an automobile leaving. The house was vacant. I walked through the glade to the mail box and there met the car with the tenant in it. She said she had only four dollars and could not pay the rent or for the oil stove, or the wood, or the milk we had let her have, but would send the money to me later. I never expected to hear from her again about it, and never did. Spent the day comfortably in the Whippoorwill writing.

Tuesday, 15 March; clear and cold. Took a small load of wood to a neighbor near the schoolhouse. Had a letter from Walker saying he had not seen Otis for more than a month, ^{and} that Otis was "no good," etc.

✓
(Wise, 15 March, brown folder)

15 March 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"What kind of an answer should I give to your letter of March 2 that came before we were snowed in at Sunny Hill? It was a characteristic letter, a bit of yourself, and I understand it thoroughly, and could give you a dozen different answers. It shows that after a year of absolute freedom from the maleficent influence of your husband you are not quite the blind, bitter enemy of the preceding three years. I know the letter was hard to write, and therefore I appreciate it the more. But surely you must realize that it is full of unjust reproach and accusation, unintentional of course, but unavoidable because of your mental habits. In my letter I tried to ignore the past, in the hope that you had progressed enough to do the same. Now, I am about to write a frank letter, which will probably be a long one, and try to express imperfectly my point of view in which I shall say some things that I tried to say when we were together but which you scornfully refused to listen to. I think you will read it--and that is all I ask, because it is the last letter of the kind I shall ever write--a letter relating to the horrible past which I intend to forget--a letter that cannot be written without reproach to you, which I regret--and after reading it--or before, if you cannot bear it--just destroy it and be done with the matter.

"To begin with the statements in your letter show a distorted and mistaken understanding and appreciation of facts and are very unjust because they are founded on sentimental beliefs and emotions. Sentimentalism comes from shutting one's eyes and mind to what is obvious to most normal people, a sort of willful selfdeception, an effort to believe what one would like to believe regardless of anything to the contrary. The beliefs of the sentimentalist, the things he wants to believe regardless of anything to the contrary, and because of the manner in which he holds these beliefs, are to him absolutely true and wholly

beyond evidence or argument--and therefore the sentimentalist is as much shut in and a prisoner as a blind person, and as much to be pitied. You have certain ideas which you regard as ideals, pure, sweet, holy and sacred, and you instinctively and fiercely refuse to look at, consider, or discuss anything to the contrary, and regard that steadfast refusal as a virtue; and, moreover, you have a strong, instinctive, heart-felt feeling that anything to the contrary is willfully and maliciously wicked, and therefore to be righteously opposed with all your might, regardless of any cruel injustice that may be involved in such opposition or the evil consequences that may flow from it. You are not alone in cherishing such ideas because they are more common than otherwise. Sentimentalism ruled all primitive mankind, and most of us are quite primitive. It diminishes with the progress of civilization. It constitutes the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, the one set of ideas being holy and sacred, all others being wicked; it constitutes the difference between religious creeds, and is the foundation of all intolerance; but all humans share in it and are more or less influenced by it. Sentimentalism is simply the reaction of one's hereditary instincts and is a tremendous power for good or evil, depending on whether it is restrained and guided by reason, which restraint and guidance is ^a painful part of the age-old conflict between heart and head. As with most women, sentimentalism has been your chief charm, but unfortunately it has sometimes lacked the control of a little common sense, which is simply clear perception, experience, knowledge, and recognition of certain natural and insurmountable limitations.

"Now, my dear, I think you will agree with me that in spite of our different dispositions, feelings and opinions we nevertheless got along very well in our married life until we were confronted with the problem of the bringing up of the two adopted children with their

unfortunate antecedents for which they were in no way responsible. I am sure that you will agree with me that they were a joy to us until they reached the age of puberty, a time when their real education and preparation for life should begin. There we ~~split~~ split. Why? As I see it, it was because we belong to two different schools of thought. The school to which you belong professes to believe that infants are gifts of God, direct from heaven, pure, sweet, gifted with divine intelligence, superior to their elders until later corrupted by the conditions of life--and because of these divine attributes are entitled to worship and supreme sacrifice, their every wish and whim to be gratified at all costs.

"The other school to which I belong holds that the young of the human race are exactly like the young of all other forms of animate life, the result of the fusion of two cells and their subsequent multiplication and differentiation into adults of the species; and through the process of development from cell to adult they re-enact and mirror the development of the species; so that instead of being a little angel direct from heaven and the hands of God, the infant is a little, primitive savage who has to go through ^{many} ~~the~~ physical and mental experiences to reach adult perfection. You can readily see that the two theories are diametrically opposed; and if these theories are accepted literally and absolutely, schemes of education and of life based on them must be equally opposed.

"If the infant is divine in all his attributes and superior to others older than he, why of course we are justified in worshipping him and catering to all his wants and caprices as we understand them. If he is simply a little savage and ignorant of both heaven and earth, then the best we can do is to watch over him with loving care, guard him, protect him from the consequences of his own ignorance and wilfulness, control his blind impulses, and teach him to become master of himself

and a self-sustaining member of society so that he may enjoy the full measure of happiness to which his powers, abilities, and services to himself and others entitle him.

"Along with these two schools of thought are two other schools, one which founds its theories on heredity and the other on environment as shaping or determining human character. Probably, as in most cases, each has its influence. In the case of our two adopted children heredity was against them--apparently sensual, self-indulgent, indolent, improvident, and irresponsible. At least so ran all reports of their parents, and these traits were manifest in the children from the earliest age. The girl displayed more knowledge of sex at the age of six when she came to us than you would admit at forty. However, sex was her principal asset and with it she ultimately captured a man her superior in every way.

"With the boy the case was somewhat different. With him sex developed naturally and normally; but he was handicapped in many ways by such traits as willfulness, sullenness, obstinacy when his wishes were not immediately gratified; indolence, selfishness, selfindulgence, and settled vanity, an instinctive/aversion to study or work, lack of ambition, a feeling of innate superiority and that the world owed him a living and the gratification of his desires without any effort or return on his part, and consequently an utter lack of consideration for others. I have no doubt that most of these traits and tendencies were inherited, nor have I any doubt that some of them were aggravated by the theory and method of his bringing-up, for neither of which was he responsible.

"For our own lost children we substituted these two waifs with their unfortunate background--and we loved them sincerely and hoped that by loving care and better surroundings--environment--we could modify or overcome that hereditary background. Then it was that our two opposing theories began to work, to conflict, and to cause stresses

and strains between us. Your heart's desire was to gratify all their wishes and keep them in a state of infantile beatitude long past the age when such things are possible; mine, through affectionate, intelligent discipline to prepare them to meet the conditions of the life in which they would have to live and make their living--because in the natural course of events they would mature, marry, have homes of their own, outlive us, and we could not always expect to be present to maintain them and supply them with all they might need or want. The school of life is a hard one for all, but it is hardest for those who are least prepared for it--for which reason it seemed to me of paramount importance that they be given homeopathic doses of life in the form of study, work, selfdenial and selfreliance, ^{so} ~~than~~ that they ^{would} ~~be allowed to~~ grow up ^{prepared} to meet the allopathic doses and shocks that are inevitable. You concentrated on contributions to immediate gratification of desires; I on their future permanent happiness based on selfsustaining, self-reliant independence.

"This difference in our point of view became prominent during our Argentine experience when the boy was 11 and the girl 13. Both children showed a strong aversion to study and a complete lack of interest in their novel surroundings. They simply wanted to play--quite naturally--a desire encouraged by you and regarded with sympathy by me, but with growing apprehension on my part. The girls's sex proclivities were manifest with a cockney steward on the boat, followed by visits from him and subsequent correspondence. And there were others. The boy was still in the puppy stage. Both would outgrow it, but the significant thing to me was your attitude of lavish indulgence which could only lead to ultimate unhappiness for the children, for you and for me. I saw it then as clearly as I see it now, the inevitable conflict between our opposing views as to what was right, just, and sensible in the way of bringing up those children. The realization of this

difference and inevitable conflict within the little family was one of the major considerations that led me to accept the five-year foreign mission, my thought being, well, maybe I'm wrong; I never raised a child, although I had taught school, rather successfully, and saw some of the effects of different methods of raising children; but, maybe after all, love, lavish affection and coddling may do what the insistence on certain well recognized rules of conduct may not do to overcome the influence of an unfortunate heredity, and so I will go away for five years and give the little wife absolute freedom to try out her theory and gratify her own desires as well as those of the children without interference from me--because at heart I am as much of a sentimentalist as you. If the experiment succeeds, all well and good; if not, surely I can help straighten them out on my return.

"Then came our return to Washington in December, 1924--a horrible experience for me. My sister said that when she knew the date of our return she asked permission of the Jenkinses to clean up our rooms and have them presentable and homelike, and was curtly and unceremoniously refused. You know the result--simply damnable. I had planned to go to 1026, deposit our belongings, see how things were, and then have a nice dinner at a cheerful restaurant and, if necessary, go to a hotel until the house could be put in shape. But no; we must occupy our rooms that were covered with the accumulated dust of two years; we must wait in a cold room for more than an hour while Miss M. and the superannuated, inefficient old negro Kate did their poor best to serve a meal that was unsatisfactory from every point of view; all because we must not hurt their tender feelings in our own house. And then followed two weeks of disturbance and discomfort while you tried to clean up the mess.

"Another complication developed: During my absence in South America I had been assigned to the International Institute of Agriculture

and its census project, which I did not want because it meant life in foreign lands and peoples and separation for long periods from wife, family, home, friends, interests, and all that I held most dear, and for many weeks I refused to consider it. Finally I consented, when I came to realize that there was no position for me in the department at Washington and my own choice was between the foreign mission and resigning, and I did not yet feel that I could afford to resign. That was the financial reason. Another decisive reason I have already mentioned, namely, to leave you free for a period to demonstrate your theory of bringing up the children. A less decisive reason was that the census project on a worldwide scale was a challenge, most men believing that it was worth trying but almost sure to fail because of the difficulties involved. I very much wanted to discuss all these and other pertinent matters with you, because they affected you and the children in a very vital way; I tried a number of times, but could not get a hearing and sometimes the manner of your refusal hurt; and so I had to reach a very momentous decision without your counsel or understanding or sympathy. It was your attitude of indifference to me and lavish indulgence to the adopted children, and my love for you and desire to avoid endless conflict that led me to ^{decide to} ~~make/~~ make the greatest sacrifice of my life, as I considered it then and ~~still~~ still consider it, the undertaking of an important foreign mission that would involve hard work, the endurance of many hardships, and separation from all that I loved most. The work part of it was understood and appreciated by all who knew what was involved; the hardships and homesickness I tried to keep out of my letters.

"While you were leading your dream life, I oblivious, willfully oblivious, of what was taking place, I had to complete my report on Argentina and Paraguay, later published as a bulletin; collect much material in Washington that would be helpful in the census project;

and make provision for you. To you I gave a power of attorney over 1026, access to the safety deposit box, and made the bank account jointly yours. A will was made leaving everything I possessed to you so that if anything happened to prevent my return, and that was always in the background of my mind because of the possibility of fatal illness or accident on sea or land, you would be provided for so far as it was possible ~~for~~ for me to make provision. To my sister I gave a power of attorney and complete control over Sunny Hill, except the power to sell, because of her farm experience and her loyalty to me and my interests--you being without that experience and saying that you did not even want to see Sunny Hill unless I was there; also I stipulated that the Cricket House should always be available for your occupancy. Could I have done more?

"I thought I had arranged for constant communication. Separation was unavoidable, because I could not take you all with me, funds being insufficient, and it was highly desirable that the children go to school and try to catch up with others of their age. But, I pointed out, if we each wrote weekly letters we would soon be in constant communication. Each week you would get a letter from me and I would get letters from you. To facilitate matters I bought a typewriter for your use, having in mind not only the letters I hoped to get but the educational value of writing them to the children.

"As for myself I soon realized that I was seeing and experiencing so much that the mere writing of home letters would be a serious burden. In addition to answering innumerable letters from all sorts of people, I wanted to send a readable letter to you all at 1026 and to the little group, mother, sister, and niece at Winworth; besides a full, complete, and detailed report to the Institute and to the Department officials at Washington. To cut the work and drudgery involved in half I adopted the obvious plan of sending the home letters, origi-

nals and carbon copies, alternately to you and to mother; and for the official reports, the originals went to the Institute and the carbons to the Department of Agriculture. This plan was a great relief to me, a very necessary relief, and was satisfactory to everyone except you, and even to this day you feel aggrieved over it.

"Conscientiously I tried to live up to my plan of a weekly letter home, although many of my letters were written at great inconvenience, under physical difficulties, and at the expense of precious time and opportunities. What return did I get from the little family for all this, for the provision I had made for them, and for the sacrifice I was continuing to make for them? Well, of course, they did not understand; nor do they yet. There were long periods when port after port was reached only to be bitterly disappointed at not receiving any word from 1026. At last I began to mention it in my letters. You said you could not understand why I did not receive all the letters you wrote--neither could I, because you were always kept informed of my itinerary and letters~~s~~ from other people came through. As was my custom I religiously kept all letters from home and copies of all letters I wrote. Later you went through my private files and fished out all the letters written by you and the children through a period of five years and triumphantly called my attention to their number. But you failed to do what I at once did--sort them out by dates. These letters so carefully abstracted from my file show that in

1925 I received 12 from you, 13 from Thelma, and 14 from Otis,
a total of 39 from three people not particularly busy,
as against my weekly letters--or thereabouts.

1926, 13 letters from you, 10 from Thelma, and 9 from Otis,
total of 32.

1927, 2 from you, 3 from Thelma, and 0 from Otis, total 5.

1928, 2 from you, 1 from Thelma, and 1 from Otis, total 4.

1929, 0 from you--except the one returned after I reached Washington for which you sent a \$5 cable; 1 0 from Thelma--except the one returned after I reached Washington announcing her secret marriage six months previously and written at your solicitation; and none from Otis--total, 2 belated letters delivered after I returned home.

"A really remarkable record, isn't it? but if you pile them up loosely together as you did they make quite a showing.

"That is all ancient history as made by you and the children and I wish to forget it--except when you talk about God, heaven, little angels, and looking into the bottom of my heart--because when I do I remember the heartaches, the homesickness, and that record.

"Bueno, let us proceed. As I have said our main difference arose over the adopted children, especially Otis; because you were never so much concerned over Thelma as over her brother, and through the exercise of her sex attraction she captured a better man than she deserved and he assumed responsibility for her future. But Otis remained as an outstand^{ing}, obtrusive problem. During my annual visits I could not help observing his growing indolence, idleness, vanity, boisterousness, spendthrift habits, selfishness, selfindulgence, untruthfulness, lack of consideration for others, rudeness and discourtesy--a misery to himself and a nuisance to others. That is a plain statement of what I saw and what was perfectly and obtrusively obvious to everyone except yourself and partially to Thelma. Otis did not have a monopoly of these characteristics, of course, but they were developed in him to an unusual and offensive degree. You, in your heartfelt sentimentalism where he was concerned, were blind to them and the least effort to correct, check, direct or reform him met with instant and fierce opposition from you--which was hard on me and bad for the boy. Some of the characteristics I have mentioned were extremely serious, because they were developing

1922, I from you--except the one returned after I reached

Washington for which you sent a 25 cent; X O from Thelma--

except the one returned after I reached Washington and

knowing her secret marriage six months previously and

written at your solicitation; and none from Otis--total

I delayed letters delivered after I returned home.

"A really remarkable record, isn't it? But if you like them up

loosely together as you did they make quite a showing.

"That is all ancient history as made by you and the children

and I wish to forget it--except when you talk about God, heaven, little

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cise of her sex attraction she captured a better man than she deserved

and he assumed responsibility for her future. But Otis remained as an

outcast, a negative problem. During my annual visits I could not help

observing his growing intolerance, idleness, vanity, pettiness, and

trifling habits, selfishness, selfishness, untruthfulness, lack of

consideration for others, rudeness and discourtesy--a misery to him-

self and a nuisance to others. That is a plain statement of what I saw

and what was patently and obviously obvious to everyone except your-

self and partially to Thelma. Otis did not have a monopoly of these

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direct or reform him met with instant and fierce opposition from you--

which was hard on me and bad for the boy. Some of the characteristics

I have mentioned were extremely serious, because they were developing

into habits and habits soon harden into second nature. While I realized the seriousness of his continued idleness (he had abandoned school and did not seek employment), his spendthrift habits and self-indulgence, and his utter lack of consideration for others, nevertheless I felt that he might outgrow this when he became really interested in something not connected with his appetites and began to earn and spend money of his own. But of all his disagreeable manifestations at this period the most serious was his untruthfulness. He was systematically deceiving you and he lied to me. This was an unexpected development of his character, because as a child he was exceptionally truthful, and I can account for his lapse in this direction only by the growing strength of his selfish desires and lack of discipline. Do I hear a wail of protest from you, full of righteous indignation? Just a minute, please, and allow me to cite a few instances that come to mind:

"His foster mother placed him in a school for delinquent spoiled boys to the tune of \$45 a month, under the benign care of a nice, benevolent, soothing-syrup old gentleman whose business in life was to extract money from devoted mothers of unmanageable boys. Each morning he left in the one car we possessed and returned in the evening, noncommittal as usual as to the events of the day and vouchsafing no information whatever except as grumpy, unsatisfactory replies to direct questions which could not be entirely evaded. You innocently supposed he was acquiring useful knowledge, and periodically old soothing-syrup assured you he was. As a matter of fact he spent most of the time driving about the city and country or in the garage watching ('helping') Jack.

"On a Sunday during one of my short visits when I had planned to use the car he asked for it to take his sister and Nadine for a drive along the Speedway, and I consented to give him an opportunity

to enjoy a young, attractive female who was willing. The round distance was not over five miles. He returned long after dark and the speedometer registered more than 100 miles. Not because I cared particularly where he had been but to see what kind of an explanation he would give, I asked him where he had been. He replied gruffly 'Rock Creek Park.' As a matter of fact he had driven to Sunny Hill.

"On another occasion he asked for the sedan to take a young lady friend from her stopping place on Wisconsin Avenue to visit the National Museum, because she was visiting Washington for the first time and had never seen the museum. The distance round trip is less than ten miles. The speedometer registered 26. I have since learned that he was seen on the road south of Anacostia where the accident occurred; he returned the machine with a battered rear trunk which he said was rammed on Wisconsin Avenue. It is extremely doubtful whether he visited the museum at all. The 'young lady,' his senior in age and experience, later married him out of hand.

"I could cite other instances of fibbing, misrepresentation, deception, and plain lying, but it should not be necessary.

"Well, my dear, what of it? There are, of course, many varieties of lies, good, bad, and indifferent--fibs and white lies to save the feelings of others and promote social intercourse--imaginative fictions for mental exercise and entertainment--and willful misrepresentation to deceive, to gain wrongfully, or to injure. These last are the ones that hurt--most of all the guilty one because he forfeits character, confidence, and respect. Of the two adopted children the girl was always the more proficient and intelligent prevaricator, sometimes planning ^{her} ~~his~~ misstatements with deliberate intention to deceive, and sometimes with a touch of malice. So far as I know the boy's misstatements were mostly unpremeditated to obtain some personal benefit or avoid some real or fancied penalty, but never to injure anyone else.

After 1928 they were so frequent, obvious to me and others but not to you, as to cause me to lose all confidence in his truthfulness and moral integrity. I ~~el~~ could no longer believe him, although I still had and have faith in him.

"One of the severest trials of my life was to see this situation develop and to feel helpless to check it because of my contract obligations to the government and to a great international institution that involved my continued absence abroad. Just because of that absence I noted on each of my annual visits the change taking place in the little family I loved, exactly as I noted the changes taking place in Washington, while you and the other inhabitants were hardly conscious of them because they came so gradually. What you saw was two lovable children. What I saw was a rather unattractive flapper, a painted doll that had abandoned school, had little intrigues ~~Y~~ on the streets at every opportunity, and at last ran away and married without your knowledge. By a strange freak of good fortune she got a man better than herself.

"The boy, idle, selfindulgent, ignorant, ^{vain}~~vane~~, rude, and untruthful, a misery to himself and a nuisance to others. If on my return I could have had a little intelligent and friendly cooperation I felt and still feel that the boy could have been brought gradually and painlessly to a realization of his situation and that his future welfare and happiness depended on his making some concessions and some adjustments to the lives of those to whom he owed everything. But the wife's adoration for this youth made any such attempt impossible. Any suggestion looking to his improvement was met with fierce opposition, ~~and action~~ accusations of jealous persecution, misinterpretation of every word and action, and bitter enmity. My emphatic and repeated statement that he must either study or work at something useful and that while he lived under my roof he must treat others with ordinary courtesy or

get out, you regarded as something monstrous.

"Now, why was all this? We both loved the children, I perhaps more than you, and were both interested in promoting their welfare. Why was it that they were the cause, especially the boy, of our irreconcilable difference of opinion with respect to bringing them up, and why your revulsion of feeling against me that led you to abandon our family life? I doubt if you have ever really thought the matter out. I doubt if you even yet realize why you turned against me so fiercely and so cavalierly sacrificed your happiness and my happiness for the sake of an overgrown and badly spoiled youth that treated you with cool and impudent contempt. It was the realization of this and all that it meant for the future that made the boy's situation so painful to me, and your opposition and enmity against which I was in a measure defenceless, because you were very dear to me.

"As I see it our trouble goes back to fundamental differences in point of view--unrestrained sentimentalism on your part, restrained sentimentalism within certain limitations dictated by experience and observation on my part--different ideas as to the relative influence of heredity and environment and ways and means of modifying each so as to develop character. Then there is another distinction that accounts for much of our difference in point of view, a psychological difference, and two opposing theories.

"Starting with your sentimental disposition, encouraged by the sentimental ideas of your parents and the friends of your choice, and backed by the written statements in certain inspirational books, you adopted the theory that ideas are supreme and that this old world of ours can be made one of divine sweetness and light simply by willing it so; that any one can accomplish his benevolent desires simply by wishing and by concentrating his thoughts on the thing desired, regardless of natural conditions or the contrary views of others. This

theory as expounded and exploited by one Trine and others of his ilk, is exceedingly attractive to the individual ego, but involves all sorts of absurdities; as, for instance, the old riddle of what happens when an irresistible force encounters an immovable object--i.e., opposing thoughts and wills. Trine says thoughts are bullets and when once launched go on their devastating way. Just supposing it were so, one may be excused for asking which bullets will prevail, those of the ignorant and uneducated or those of the intelligent and educated? Experience, of course, gives the answer. This doctrine of the supremacy of individual egos is as old as the human race and is back of every form of faith cure, Christian Science, absent treatment, and the like, which fatten like insects and fungous parasites on weak plants and animals, and their name is legion, because they flourish on widespread ignorance and credulity from which none of us is entirely free. It is an attractive theory because it bolsters up tremendously one's ego and sense of personal power and importance--but most of its devotees fail to make the distinction that also has been ~~kw~~ known for thousands of years, namely, the distinction between the subjective world of mind and the objective world of matter, and disregard the laws that govern each and their intimate relation and influence.

"Within one's own mind each and every one has the power to exclude disagreeable thoughts and deny the existence of disagreeable things, and to cherish the figments of his imagination as realities and to make them subjective realities even though they are directly contrary to all objective realities. To a certain extent, depending upon the vividness of one's imagination, his concentration and degree of selfdeception, one can induce a similar state of mind in others, and thus bring about a partial realization of his dreams--but always within the limits of the objective world of realities which he and

they are so prone to overlook or ignore. In other words, this theory is attractive and has accomplished results, but it has certain absolute limits, which accounts for the numerous disastrous failures. Its devotees are cheerful creatures--and why not, when all they have to do is to shut their eyes, mental and physical, to conditions that more often than not are disagreeable. The penalty, however, is selfdeception, a sort of selfinduced blindness, because they refuse to recognize obvious limitations, obvious conditions, and obvious results and consequences. This faith in mental power (efficacy of wishes, one form of which is prayer) if carried beyond a certain stage becomes blind obsession, and a further stage is insanity. It often manifests itself in the form of extreme intolerance, because the sentimentalist who cherishes such ideas with sufficient faith is convinced that they are true, right, just, holy and sacred, and that anything to the contrary must be wrong, wickedly and maliciously wrong.

"Now, my dear, every intelligent persons believes in the power of the mind and the efficacy of faith--the difference comes in the recognition of certain absolute limitations. What do I mean? Just this: If a human being, any human being, or other animal, or plant, be deprived of water, air, or food, or be subjected to extremes of temperature, for a sufficient length of time he or it will cease to live, and all the faith, mental and heart science that ever existed will not avail to prevent it directly by mere wish, prayer, or will. And so with disease and other ills of mankind due to purely physical conditions. With mental diseases and states of mind not due entirely to physical causes faith and will power can accomplish wonders, because many of such troubles are in whole or in part imaginary. Apparently our difference over this matter is simply one of degree, as in the case of sentimentalism, and in my recognition of conditions and limitations in both mental and ~~h~~ physical life which you refuse to admit

and therefore cause yourself and others to suffer unnecessary consequences.

"I cannot subscribe to the theory of the divine origin and heavenly attributes of infants any more than other forms of life and I believe in mental power only within its limitations. It has always seemed to me that you have adopted both theories without the necessary qualifications. That is the only way I can account for your extreme and lavish devotion to Otis, a devotion so blind as to cause you to forget and to sacrifice the boy's future to his present gratifications, to sacrifice yourself and your relatives^{ons} and obligations to others, to fiercely resent the suggestion that it might be better for the boy if he did not have immediately and without any effort on his part everything he thought he wanted, but that he be required to conform to the conditions of life, among which are study, work, service to others, selfdenial and selfsacrifice; a devotion so blind that it developed into persistent opposition and bitter enmity to me whenever I tried to modify the situation, and your reluctance and frequent refusal to even discuss matters of great concern to you, to Otis, and to me. Why was all this? Wasn't it simply because of your sentimentalism and belief that if you concentrated your mind on things as you wanted them to be and had sufficient faith, shutting your eyes to all else, why, they just had to be that way--anything to the contrary was just wrong and wicked, and no compromise was possible.

"Among other serious mistakes was in bringing Otis up as a rich man's son--at least he believed it--although our whole and sole income was derived from my modest government salary that might end any time and a portion of that salary went for the privilege of owning a dilapidated old house in town and a little stony farm on the mountain. There were some things in our financial situation that you did not realize, because you refused to discuss them with me, for which reason I propose

to outline some of them here.

"In 1921 the government bureau that I had done much to develop and improve and of which I was chief for many years was merged with other bureaus and I was maneuvered out of position. I was completely shelved, very unhappy and on the point of resigning when at the close of 1922 the Argentine position offered. By hard work, of which you could have no conception, I made of it a conspicuous success. On returning to Washington in December, 1924, I was practically given the choice of resigning or of accepting the assignment with the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which would involve prolonged absence from the United States and separation from home, family, friends, interests, and all that I held most dear--a ~~very~~ very real sacrifice. I did not feel strong enough financially to resign, because the moment I did so salary and income would stop, living expenses would go right on, and additional money was needed to make the town house and the country place livable; so after many weeks of painful hesitation I accepted the Institute assignment. It was recognized as a most difficult one, but hard work and the enduring of hardships, of which I said little, enabled me to accomplish it successfully, I was greatly honored in other countries, and returned to the department in Washington at the close of 1929, only to find there was no place for me in the department, family expenses running about \$200 a month, real estate holdings had ~~lost~~ lost their value and could not be sold at any price, and that a financial depression of unusual severity was beginning and well under way. Through the kindly efforts of Dr. Woods a temporary position was created for me as his assistant, it being distinctly understood that it could not continue beyond the following December. I was given a most difficult assignment, that of organizing the Inter American Conference on Agriculture. I threw myself into it, worked steadily overtime, in the hope that if I made a ~~success~~ success of it some vacancy might occur during

the year to which I could be transferred. The Conference was another conspicuous success, for which I was given full credit, but no vacancy occurred and my temporary employment and salary ended with December, 1930. As the time drew near I consulted some of my bureau chief friends, who expressed great surprise, but said they had no leading positions vacant and they could think of me in connection with none other.

"Throughout this period I was unable to take counsel with the wife, who scornfully refused to listen or to try to understand, especially if it had any reference to financing Otis. Because of my intense application to official work in 1930 and prospect of being out of work at the end of the year I did not feel that either I or you, and least of all Otis, could afford a vacation that year. I mention this simply in connection with Otis's jamboree at Miami in February of that year, which was against my better judgment for many reasons aside from cost, but to which I consented only because of your physical and mental condition.

"At the beginning of 1931 I found myself in the situation I had foreseen for several years, out of employment, no prospect of employment, without salary or other income, and expenses running on. There was obviously only one thing to do--go to Sunny Hill immediately, cut down expenses, and rent 1026 with the least possible delay. This should have been a simple matter, but was made difficult by the wife's refusal to cooperate. The Jenkins roomers had not paid their rent--probably could not, were notified in writing to vacate at the end of January, but did not do so because the wife told them it was not necessary. The place was put in the hands of a real estate agency and advertised for rent, but people who telephoned or came to look at the place reported they were informed by the lady of the house that it was not for rent. And so we went into February. We had lost the possibility of a month's rent, together with the expense of ~~renting~~^{running} the house. Only after most of my books, office equipment, and other things had been moved out and I had

announced that on the first day of March the water, heat, electricity, and gas would be turned off, did the female clique begin ~~to make tentative arrangements~~ to realize that perhaps after all they could not hold the house without the consent of its legal owner, and only then did they begin to make tentative arrangements for other quarters. In other words, up to this point the wife simply closed her mind to the situation and refused to admit either the necessity for or the possibility of vacating 1026--although it would be interesting to know how she expected the family to meet household expenses, coal, electricity, gas and water bills, and a little matter of \$400 plus taxes, insurance, repairs, and upkeep, without a cent of cash income. To me it was a simple matter of arithmetic; to her a matter of the heart and psychology. Unfortunately neither heart nor psychology, nor faith, nor mental power without works, pays bills.

"You will recall the circumstances: How because of the distance to Sunny Hill and the uncertainty of the weather I began to pack up and move my collection of books, papers, and furniture. This continued on into February. I do not recall that I had any help in this. However, as my things gradually went out, as more and more people called to inspect the house with a view to renting, it gradually began to dawn upon the wife and her parasites, the non-paying roomers, that the house would have to be vacated by the first of March, and this was confirmed when I announced that on that date there would be no more heat, electricity, water, or gas available. Toward the end of the month the wife and tenants began to pack up some of their things, and I helped the wife so far as I was permitted. It was not a pleasant experience--as it might have been if we had regarded it as a great adventure and the opening out before us of a new life when I would no longer be the slave of official contract obligations and responsibilities.

"On the few occasions when you would permit any discussion of the coming change, you said you would not go to Sunny Hill until spring opened in April. Sure, I could not object because I myself would greatly have preferred waiting until April but could not because of financial considerations and the many things that had to be done at Sunny Hill. Then you said you wanted a vacation and a visit with Emma at Richmond. Surely, why not; I could readily and fully appreciate your feeling in the matter, and I offered to take you in the sedan whenever you were ready--to leave you there as long as you wanted to stay, of course; but no, you wanted to go alone and by train. Good, that desire also I could fully appreciate, and I gladly supplied the money. Inasmuch as it was necessary to economize, the obvious thing for me to do was to rent a furnished room with or without board for you while waiting for spring to open and during your visit to Richmond, and to move all our belongings to Sunny Hill at once. But no, when the time came to pack up the remainder of our belongings you announced that you proposed to rent unfurnished rooms or apartments and take with you such things as you had acquired from your relatives that were especially dear to you because of their associations. This action, in the light of certain obscure remarks, I could only interpret as meaning either that you wanted to fit Otis and Ethel out with housekeeping equipment--you never showed a similar disposition toward Thelma-- or that you had made up your mind that you would not join me at Sunny Hill.

"I suspect that both ideas were in your mind and that you had not the courage to say so. The second idea, desertion of your husband and sacrifice of family life, was confirmed by your statement six months previously to the effect that you would never desert Otis--nothing else counted with you, not even his marriage. This was still further confirmed later by a plain statement that you had no intention

to come to Sunny Hill, but you intended to seek employment, be financially independent, lead your own life, and take care of Otis. Because of this, and the past, it seemed clear to me that nothing I could say or do would have any influence in changing the course you had chosen and mapped out for yourself. All I could hope to do would be to cooperate, so far as you would let me, and guarantee you against want.

"To me all this was very distressing, not only because I loved you, but it made my course very difficult and I could see nothing ahead but unhappiness for you, for me, and for others, without any corresponding benefit to Otis; but it seemed to me that I could best show my love for you by giving you the opportunity to actually try out your theories, no matter how foolish and distressing they might be. So it was I said to you that I would not ~~say~~ say one word or interpose a single obstacle to dissuade you. For once in your life, at least, you should have your way, regardless of consequences, because I was convinced that you could learn only in the hard school of experience. This cost me some effort because it meant that I should have to proceed alone in fixing up our mountain retreat and that you would have some disappointing experiences; even if separation from your husband meant nothing to you, you would have to live in small uncomfortable rooms without the freedom of the house; it would be difficult if not impossible for you at your time of life to find employment, especially in a time of general unemployment, whereby you could earn enough to be financially independent; you would find that Otis and Ethel, Thelma and Mr. Price, being young and newly married, would prefer to live by themselves without the presence, supervision, or interference of a third person, even you, and that they would tolerate you only because of your relationship and the material things they might hope to get from or through you; and in any event you were doomed to disap-

pointment. The only satisfaction I could get out of the situation was the thought that I could probably finance a year of freedom and experience for you from which you might profit.

"Well, you had your year of freedom. You maneuvered to get yourself, Otis and Ethel, and Miss Mattie into a little partnership flat, fitted the young couple out with housekeeping furniture, and had the satisfaction of sacrificing everything to them, yourself occupying a little hall bedroom. Miss Mattie, brought for the first time into direct contact with Otis could not stand it and the arrangement did not last long. Then you arranged with Mr. Price to share the expense of a small house, again to provide for Otis and Ethel and enjoy the privilege of waiting on them and supervising them.

"When Otis showed up with a bride and not enough money for a night's lodging and I gave him money to see him through until the next day, you nearly broke up Thelma's little household by insisting that they share her apartment. That, of course, was a serious mistake and wholly unnecessary. Otis at once made himself obnoxious and had almost to be kicked out. Few men would have been as patient as Mr. Price, and he submitted to the infliction only because of Thelma and the baby. Then, after putting them with Mrs. Bode for a brief period, and with Miss Mattie for a brief period, you again maneuvered to bring them into the same house with Mr. Price and Thelma, with yourself to serve and supervise them. Another serious mistake, because of all things young couples want to be by themselves. I know that this is hard for any woman to understand after she has passed the ~~early~~ early years of her own married life. It is a curious manifestation of maternal love, rather selfish in its origin, always blind, and is probably the cause of more married unhappiness than any other one thing--and undoubtedly the cause of the thousand and one jibes from the beginning of time about mothers-in-law. They simply can't deny themselves the pleasure

of meddling in the affairs, the most intimate affairs, of young people, and incidentally bossing them. Unfortunately, and that's what hurts, the young couple, or at least one of them, cannot tell the old lady that she is entirely superfluous, because of her relationship and her innocent belief that she is willingly sacrificing herself for their good.

"In the foregoing I have tried to outline, rather imperfectly, some of my recollections and thoughts. Now, in the light of this, let me comment on some of the statements in your letter.

"You ask, would I have done the same by Marion Otis (had he lived) as I did with Otis? Yes, of course, if by chance he had shown the same aversion to study and work, the same selfishness and self-indulgence, bad manners, and lack of appreciation ~~and~~ of his relationship to others and the value of money that he did not earn. I cannot conceive of parents doing their children a greater injury than bringing them up as helpless parasites and wholly unprepared to become self-sustaining, independent, and honorable members of society. Marion Otis would have had to learn that many things he wanted he could not have; that he would have to go to school and get his lessons as a matter of course, and without being bribed; and that above all things he would have to look forward to earning his own living, because no one in all the world, not even his parents, owed him a living after he was old enough to exert himself, the same as most other boys of his age; and if he had the right stuff in him he would have welcomed the time when he would be free to go forth and make his fortune, and have adventures, and have a home of his own, and do his part worthily in the world's work.

"Would I have made him understand that on the day he became eighteen he was to be homeless unless he did exactly as I wanted,' you ask. That involves two misstatements. Otis was told that when he

became 18 he would either have to go to work or get out, because then there would be no legal obstacle to his being given employment, which ~~was~~ was his main excuse for loafing until he was 18. The alternative was not to do 'exactly' what I said, but to do anything useful and be decently courteous in my house. Inasmuch as he refused to go to school, all I asked was that he find occupation of some sort--anything but sheer idleness--simply do something, anything that would help him when the time came when he would be thrown entirely upon his own resources. Terrible, cruel, monstrous, downright mean, was it? Well, so it seemed to lazy, selfindulgent, irresponsible Otis and his fond-foolish-foster mother. It seemed to me, and does yet, that the greatest kindness I could show him and perhaps my greatest service to him in the situation into which he had drifted, was to shock him into a realization of his relative position in life and his responsibility to and for himself by drilling into him the idea that on a given, definite date he would be expected to reform, get busy, and do something for himself. I never expected him to do anything for anybody else--he's by nature too selfish and his vanity and bringing-up make him believe that the world owes him both living and service, without any return on his part. His colossal job ~~is~~ is simply to be selfsupporting and not a parasite, especially on women. To make the idea even plainer to his limited understanding I told him he was absolutely free to go out into the world, his world, and open his oyster--a privilege that would have meant much to me and to thousands of other young men at the same age. Knowing that he cherished the idea of shining at Hollywood, I offered to pay his way to any point in the United States on condition that he never ask me for money to pay his ~~way~~ way back--he could come back if he choose, but at his own expense and with money he had earned himself. Also I offered to match dollars with him--for every dollar he earned by his own efforts I would put another in the bank for him. Did he accept any one of these chal-

lenges? Not that I ever heard of; so far as I could see he simply sulked, continued idle, and ~~he~~ solicited sustenance from his foster mother. The fact that I set a definite date when he should be expected to exert himself in some way did not mean that he was being turned out of our home, even though he believed it and I wanted him to believe it--because I understood the difficulties in his way better than he or his foster mother did and stood prepared to be patient, to stand back of him and to help him whenever he showed any sign of selfhelp. Within the past few weeks, in response to an appeal, I wrote him that I wanted him to feel that whenever he was down and out and had exhausted every resource to be selfsupporting he could come to me and I would see that he did not want--on the distinct understanding that he must do his share of the work and wait on himself, because I could think of no good reason why anyone should work for him or wait on him--to which letter I have had no reply.

"You say that you have made mistakes, mainly of the heart, and that my mistakes have been wholly of the head. Quite right, only you make the mistake of implying that people who use their heads have no hearts. They have, and they suffer more because of their understanding at the time of the mistakes hearts alone make, and how those mistakes involve others and lead to all sorts of unhappy consequences. Following the dictates of one's heart without the guidance of a little common sense leads to all sorts of tragical results--unmerciful results. Yes, your mistakes were sentimental mistakes and because they were heartfelt you thought they were necessarily right and that anything to the contrary was necessarily wrong and therefore heartless. Most things appeal to you and to me exactly alike and pull on our heartstrings with equal force, but I distrust my impulses and stop to consider what might be the possible consequences; you do not.

Don't you suppose that when Otis came to me with big bright eyes and shining face to ask for something he thought he wanted very badly--and there were many such occasions and they all cost ~~no~~ money and his gratification would last only a few hours--I felt the strongest and most natural desire to give him what he wanted, and to do it freely and gladly and to share his joy in it, just as you did? Why, of course; and it was the easiest way out to yield to this temptation. But, how about the boy? It did not make much difference when he was little, but as he grew up into early manhood, questions arose. What about its effect on him? If he was given everything he wanted, what incentive would be left to exert himself, and how would he get along when the time came when he could not have everything he wanted, just for the asking? Did he need it, how long would he enjoy it, could I afford it for myself, and if not could I afford it for him; does he care enough for his heart's desire to do anything in return for it; would it not be better for him if he were told that if he really wants this wonderful thing that he thinks is so desirable and necessary that, yes, he can have it if he will go out and do some work and earn the price so that he can buy it with his own money so it will be really his and not merely something that had been given to him? Can't you see how many questions are involved--all heart questions growing out of love for the boy and his best interests? Can't you see how difficult you made it for me, and for the boy, when you intervened as his intercessor and insisted that he should have what he wanted, everything he wanted, when he wanted it, without any hesitation? Did you ever stop to consider that all these requests came as interruptions to my work, were sprung on me suddenly, and a favorable answer was expected instantly on the spot? I wonder. Do you remember that his requests, in addition to the rabbits, included a saddle horse, an automobile, and aeroplane? No, of course not; but I do. And a police dog to live with us in the house?

Oh lordy! how many other things that he and you have forgotten. Fortunately, some of these things you ~~cannot/have/forgotten~~ could not supply, serruptitiously or otherwise, because so long as all he wanted could be obtained from an indulgent foster mother he could see no good reason either for exerting himself or going directly to his foster father. Just a final word with respect to holy 'heart' impulses from which so many virtues arise--simply a reference to the old adage 'Virtue carried to excess becomes a vice.' You have many amiable virtues, for which I and others b love you, but some of them have been carried to excess and caused all sorts of trouble and grief to you and others.

"You ask why it is hard for you to express your innermost feelings to me. A lot of reasons occur to me. Innermost feelings are apt to be rather indistinct and hazy and therefore difficult to express in words--any thought is difficult of adequate expression because words are an imperfect medium of expression. Also some of those innermost thoughts are simply private dreams and one hesitates to expose them to the cruel light of day, fearing that they will not survive exposure. This feeling I can fully understand, but I never could understand your reluctance to discuss with me matters of mutual interest in which you must have known I was entirely sympathetic.

"You say that it was due to your ~~let~~ fear of my criticism. Why did you fear--not criticism in the sense of animosity or ridicule--but frank discussion of a thing on its merits? Was it not from a feeling that whatever thought you wished to express might not look so attractive if subjected to question and examination? Yes, I criticise, or rather my critical faculty is brought automatically into play whenever I see, hear, or read anything. Instinctively my mind asks what is it, where is it, why is it, how does it work, does it or will it succeed, is it true--if not, why not? and so on. If I forget and think out loud about

anything that challenges my attention, that's criticism or discussion. In official life and in dealing with strangers I have learned not to think aloud, but to ask questions or make suggestions diplomatically, but in the family, with wife--my second self, my mother or sister, I am apt to think out loud, feeling that they will understand and make allowances. This kind of criticism, impersonal criticism, is simply the exercise of judgment, the result of knowledge and experience.

"Criticism up to a certain point and made in a considerate manner is beneficial and a virtue, but if carried to excess or in a different manner ^{is expressed} it becomes a vice and is harmful. I strongly suspect that sometimes in my intellectual enthusiasm and joy in trailing a fallacy to its lair I have not contented myself with simply pointing ~~it~~ ^{it} out but went ahead and crushed ~~him~~ ^{it} to a grease-spot with a sledgehammer--all of which was inexcusable. Be this as it may, I know that I have said many things spontaneously when off guard that afterwards I deeply regretted and for which I was sincerely sorry. A thought occurs to me in this connection, and it is this: that many of the statements I made and questions I asked that to you seemed to be criticisms would not have been so considered by my scientific colleagues in the department. In other words, I had their habit of thought, their attitude of mind, and spoke their language, which they would have understood instantly and without any trace of feeling and perhaps I carried a part of that foreign world into the family circle where it was not and could not always be understood. Well, who knows, Quien sabe?

"You say that it was partly due to your realization of your own ignorance. I suspect that that feeling was exaggerated. At any rate it is the first step to knowledge and shows that you had made great progress. It is something that the very young and the very ignorant

cannot realize. Years and years ago I began to realize it and the realization has grown ~~##~~ steadily with the years and with experience, and so with all intelligent people. The realization of the relation between human knowledge and ignorance, the great unknown, has been likened to a circle; within knowledge, without ignorance; the smaller the circle the smaller its contact ^{with} and knowledge of the extent of the unknown; as the circle increases in size, so does it contact with and appreciation of the ever enlarging field of the unknown. With young people that circle of knowledge is microscopic and the great unknown is unsuspected by them, which accounts for their supreme confidence. As people grow older in years, experience and wisdom they realize how little they really know in comparison with what they don't know, and how short and insignificant their lives are, and that makes them stop and ask themselves whether, after all, some of the things that seemed so dreadfully important in the years gone by, right or wrong, eternal principles, and the like, were worth the sacrifice and unhappiness they cost.

"You speak of my neglect of friends of your choosing. Maybe so; because looking back for more than a quarter of a century I cannot recall a single one of your friends to whom time seemed to have any value. Not one of them could make a pleasant call of short duration--all were sitters and stayers who wore out their welcome. However, let's consider a few from my point of view. What kind of people were they, as I saw ~~tm~~ them?

"There was 'George' whom I loathed and tolerated only for your sake and because he was efficient as a scrubman. When I returned I found him firmly installed as a member of my household--frequently occupying my chair with his feet on the desk--a unique specimen whom Lewis (farm hired hand) refers to as the 'human cockroach,' and I can think of no more appropriate term.

"The Johnsons--broken down actors of mediocre capacity and experienced in grafting, who were sedulously cultivating you by every wile because you were to be their star witness in a suit to gain a portion of an estate to which they had no legal or moral title--only you were blind to it all--and they had the freedom of our house.

"Next, the Jenkinses: Nice people, agreeable in many ways, but inefficient to the last degree and overwhelmed with misfortunes; I liked them but did not care to live with them; and the one member I really disliked was the one I most often had to face across our table; her sister, nothing to look at but a real sport, brave and dauntless in the face of overwhelming misfortune, I shall always honor and doff my hat to.

"The Synones (or some such name)--I met them only twice) seemed to be your friends; at least you protested fiercely when I commented upon their rudeness. The first time they came in our house, utter strangers to me and without invitation, they stayed to dinner, and then sat and sat through the evening, although they had been courteously given to understand that I was leaving that same evening for Europe. In these circumstances any person with the common courtesy of a jackass would have excused ^{himself} ~~themselves~~; but, no, they stayed on to the end, a bitter end for me, because it was my last hour with wife and children, whom for all I knew I might never see again, and for months to come I must carry the image of those rude people, strangers, in my mind as associated with those I loved. It was simply damnable. Next time was at Sunny Hill where they appeared selfinvited and the boys proceeded to play football over the flower gardens. Can you still excuse them?

"The Stones: Nice old spinsters, superior in many respects to most of their neighbors, but a little trying at times because of infirmities.

"Mrs Bode: Not had, sometimes amusing, rather ignorant, of the schemer type, and a little tiresome because of the repetition of her marital troubles. Little, ramrod, ladies-tailer Bode was her superior in every way--due allowance being made for his difficulty with the language and an environment wholly different from that of his boyhood.

"The Chapmans: Faded out, colorless people, pathetic in their situation, with a harum-scarum, erratic son, Walker. I have always admired Walker and hoped that Otis might copy him, at least to the extent that when he wanted anything badly he would go out and work for it without whining or begging his mother to get it for him. I am rather betting on Walker, even though he is a weak sister, because he thinks and acts on his own initiative.

"Lee."

"Away back, I recall Alice Clokey, another sentimentalist but with a streak of common sense, your dearest friend when I first knew you, but something happened to interrupt this friendship, of which you never vouchsafed any explanation.

"Mr. Rynex: An effeminate gossip, but^a/cheery, kindly, lovable old gentleman, whose chief handicap was intense religious fanaticism

"John Ferrall; bubbling over with good humor and invincible cheerfulness, a little awkward from youth, size, and inexperience, but with the instincts of a gentleman, dedicated to hard work and service. For a brief time he was misled by your effusive interest in him, but his native good sense soon set him right. His heart was as big as his body, and it was held in restraint by rare good sense, and his fortitude during the slow agonizing experience of losing his hearing completely--he an expert stenographer--and being shut off

from his fellow men, was inspiring. To John Ferrall I take off my hat. Of all your friends who came under my observation he was the most promising and the most meritorious. My dear, how would Otis compare with John Ferrall at the same age and size; just check up on their opportunities, their conduct, and their attitude toward life. I suspect I appreciated John even better than you because I could understand his situation and what he was accomplishing better. When the opportunity came for me to help him at a critical moment I felt it a privilege to do so.

"The Loomises: Acquaintances of mine, bright, interesting people, professional promoters, ~~lobbyists~~, lobbyists, grafters, who went out of their way to flatter you because you were serviceable at the Grange affairs in which they were prominent, because it helps him in his business.

"Were there others? If so, I have forgotten for the moment; but I repeat, the common characteristic of most if not all of these people was that they seemed to have no sense of the value of time, and even though their visits were rare they were interminable and usually left us both exhausted.

"I cannot recall that at any time during 1930 you ever suggested a vacation together, just you and I. I rather think that had you done so I would have been willing to sacrifice a good deal for that pleasure. I certainly was under the impression that in no circumstances would you have consented to be separated from Otis, even for a few days. Do you recall that the year before my last short visit to Rome I asked you to accompany me, the one opportunity of a lifetime to see a little of Europe together, and I had counted on it and prepared for it, you refused and suggested that I take Otis instead, to whom such a trip would have meant no more than did the Argentine experience.

Such a trip would have bored him to extinction without a guide, interpreter, and unlimited funds--which I could not supply--and he was utterly incapacitated for deriving the slightest benefit from it. But you could have had the time of your life, had you not been so wrapped up in Otis. Well, I lost because of it, and you lost more than you can ever imagine--without any particular benefit to Otis. Just one of the disappointments and little tragedies of life.

"You say 'You must remember I told you repeatedly during our last days at 1026 that I could not live under the conditions nor in the atmosphere at Sunny Hill as existed.'

"It's curious that I cannot remember ever having heard that statement before. It does not seem likely that I should ever forget such a statement, a statement of supreme importance to me. Is it not more probable that this is an afterthought; or if you actually thought it at the time that you neglected to say anything about it in my presence? You know, my dear, that was your habit--silence and refusal to discuss with me matters that deeply concerned us both, so that I sometimes said that you seemed to expect me to be a mindreader. I am quite sure that you never said anything in my presence that would give me a hint of what was in your mind on the subject of 'conditions' and 'atmosphere' at Sunny Hill that you now mention, or any change in your old attitude of pleasure and enthusiasm with regard to Sunny Hill. But, without words, your ^{ac} notions showed a profound change and spoke louder than words. For more than three years you had drawn aloof--as shown by your letters and by your reception of me when I returned--culminating in the last year by bitter enmity. Then, in the last half of the last month we were together you softened and the bitter enemy showed glimpses of her old friendly, beloved self. It was only by constantly reminding myself of what I had been through for the past three years that I was able to go through with the program that you

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had made necessary, which was that you should be absolutely free to find employment that would make you independent, be rid of him whom you had abused to the limit of your imagination and vocabulary, and free to supervise the married life of Otis. The supreme trial came when we parted in the vestibule of 1026 the morning of March 3, 1931. I was more nearly overcome than I cared to show, and so were you. Do you remember the big Italian lady on the Vandyke on her way to join her fiancée who always concluded with 'What a one big God damn fool I am.' Well, so was you and so was I. And so we parted, you refusing to accompany me to Sunny Hill, which constituted technical legal desertion of your husband and the forfeiting of all rights except your one-third dower right in the event he passes over before you.

"Well, now, I wonder just what you had in mind by 'conditions' and 'atmosphere' 'as existed.' You must have had some ideas. Why did you not trot them out into the open and hear what I had to say about them. With my coming, i.e., moving out to Sunny Hill to live, Sunny Hill was to be occupied by ourselves only, as our private retreat and playground. Living conditions at Sunny Hill were to be made the same as in Washington, if not better--as they have been. 'Atmosphere,' if you mean physical atmosphere--why, it's ever so much better than that of Washington. In the absence of any explanation I can only guess that you have reference to the relation of my sister and mother to Sunny Hill. I suspect that here also you have made a hideous mistake. They were living at Winworth, expected to continue to live there, a good half mile from Sunny Hill. Have anything to do with Sunny Hill? Why, after I came out? Sister Nellie had looked forward to the time when I could take charge not only of Sunny Hill but relieve her of the farming land at Winworth and mother's little places.

has been necessary, which was that you should be absolutely free to find employment that would make you independent, as to the fact that you had moved to the limit of your imagination and vocabulary and time to experience the married life of Otto. The marriage trial came when we parted in the vestibule of 1025 the morning of March 17th. I was more heavily overcome than I cared to show, and so wrote you. You remember the big Italian lady on the Veranda on that day to have been someone who always conversed with 'What a one did I do' 'Well, so was you and so was I. And so we parted, you retaining to accompany me to Sunny Hill, which constituted the final final desertion of your husband and the forsaking of all rights except your one-third power right in the event he passed over before you.

"Well, now, I wonder just what you had in mind by 'conditions' and 'atmosphere' as existed. You must have had some ideas. Why did you not put them out into the open and hear what I had to say about them. With my coming, i.e., moving out to Sunny Hill to live, Sunny Hill was to be occupied by ourselves only, as our private refuge and playground. Living conditions at Sunny Hill were to be made the same as in Washington, if not better--as they have been. 'Atmosphere' if you mean physical atmosphere--why, it's ever so much better than that of Washington. In the absence of any explanation I can only guess that you have reference to the relation of my sister and mother to Sunny Hill. I suspect that here also you have made a big error. They were living at Winworth, expected to continue to live there, a good half mile from Sunny Hill. Have anything to do with Sunny Hill? No, after I came out, Sister Nellie had looked forward to the time when I could take charge not only of Sunny Hill but to live her of the family land at Winworth and mother's little place.

And do you realize that sister gave up the opportunity to accept a position in New York at \$2,400 to preserve Sunny Hill from going to pieces during my absence--some sacrifice to sisterly loyalty--no? And during all our married life together do you remember ever hearing me say that I wanted to live with my sister and mother? Never. But surely you are familiar with my rather emphatic ideas about parents living with their grownup children. Really I think you might help me out a little as to just what you had in mind when you used the expressions 'conditions' and 'atmosphere.'

"Well, what happened after the parting at the vestibule of 1026? I came out to Winworth. The furniture van followed and stuck on the impassable road between the mailbox and entrance and had to back out and store the furniture in the schoolhouse. A strenuous time followed. I got hold of the County Commissioners and had the road fixed so that it is passible in all weathers. Sunny Hill house was remodeled. A bright sunny kitchen and bathroom were added, windows cut in the walls of the other rooms to admit sunlight, the walls were scraped and papered, steam heat, plumbing, a water system, electric lights, frigid-air, and electric radio installed. Other buildings were repaired or altered, metal roofs put on to insure a pure water supply. The Whip-poorwill was fixed up and turned into a library and study. And so we have lived in comfort, with every city convenience, the envy of many city people who call. Of course, when my wife deserted me for Otis, although Otis had a wife, I had to have some one to keep house for me. Sister and mother were willing to break up their comfortable living arrangements to look after me, and so were able to rent their houses for a cash income. Now, my dear, can you not see that Sunny Hill was to be our home, Y our retreat, our playground when my official work was over, and can you not realize something of what I felt going ahead

with all these improvements according to plan without you? And do you realize that one cannot play fast and loose with the lives of other people? That's what I meant when I wrote you before moving sister and mother up to Sunny Hill, that it would be difficult to unscramble conditions later. But there was no response from you. All during the year IK kept thinking of you and saying to myself, 'Oh, if she were only here and could see this, how she would enjoy it.' And so did Sister Nellie, who loves you, who has never criticised you, ~~but~~ but who cannot understand why, why, you are not here to enjoy it all. And all the time I carried about with me the image of a little pathetic figure who had set herself an impossible and a thankless task that was wholly unnecessary from every point of view-- a little figure inexpressibly dear to me.

"Did it ever occur to you that conditions of life might be different when your husband escaped from the serfdom of official contract obligations and like the old maid 'ceased struggling?' Well, they are. For one thing, all the time there is, the most precious thing in the universe next to love, is his. And so when he feels like it he sits up all night, because he does not have to report for duty the next morning; and he gets up in the morning when he jolly well feels like it--any time up to about noon. Busy? Of course, with a thousand things demanding attention and fairies peeking at him from behind every tree, bush and stone. Main occupation--working, and therefore enjoying himself. Vices--more than you can shake a stick at. Likes to look at a pretty woman, smokes night and day, drinks when he can--turned the whole grape crop into wine and put up four barrels of cider, contrary to printed instructions of department for making vinegar--and swears eloquently when the spirit moves him. In fact, don't care a damn about what other people think; takes daily papers, 3 from

Washington, magazines and books; and carries on a voluminous correspondence, gives two or more travel talks a month, just to keep his hand in and make friends, and receives innumerable visitors. To direct inquiries about the wife I simply say, 'Oh, she's in Washington.' It's nobody's business and only you understand why.

"From the foregoing you will see that my life has been fairly full, rich, and satisfactory, except for the hole left by the absence of my second self, my little partner. How's your's been? You have carefully refrained from giving me the slightest information. Since the vestibule parting I have seen you three times and each time your pathetic appearance pulled my heart strings--you little self-martyr to sentimental ideas.

"Have you been comfortable? No.

"Have you been happy? No.

"Have you found employment that would pay your expenses for a single month, or make you economically independent of your monstrous husband? No.

"Have you retained your friendship with the Jenkinses? No.

"Have you contributed to the happiness of Thelma and Mr. Price? No.

"Or of anybody else? Doubtful.

"Have you saved Otis from anything; if so, what?

"How about Otis's wife; have you saved her from anything? If so, what? Or contributed to her happiness?

"Have you saved the baby's life? How about its parents? Does the baby belong to them or to you? Who is responsible for it, them or you?

"Under your constant, assiduous, lavish and loving care, has Otis developed into a selfreliant, selfsupporting, courageous, honorable, manly man? If so, don't you think its about time he had a

chance to demonstrate what he can do without you? I would be overjoyed to know that he had developed these qualities, but doubt it. What does Ethel think of him by this time? Suppose you went to your heavenly reward in the near future--what would become of Otis? Is he prepared for that contingency? Unless he has changed greatly for the better in the last year, can you think of any good reason why anyone should either work for him or wait on him?

"If you read this far, I can see the indignant expression on your face--but, my dear, these are all pertinent questions.

"At the beginning I promised you a curious letter, a long letter, a letter in which I would think in type--the last of the kind I may ever write. I say again, read it if you can; if not, destroy it and forget it. It simply expresses very imperfectly some of my thoughts. If I were to rewrite it it might be somewhat different--but it is an honest expression.

"Can you do any better? What's the conclusion? Simply this: Whenever you are ready to join me at Sunny Hill, accept me as and for what I am, and on my terms, 'conditions' and 'atmosphere,' on the old friendly basis, and forgetting the past, I will come for you. Otherwise I shall conclude that you have not profited by experience and I shall have to become reconciled to the desertion of my wife, the gap in an otherwise busy and happy life, the disappointment in not being able to share with her all that I have, and the sadness of the image of the pathetic little figure of the woman I love.

"Vaya con deus.

"E"

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4575

Wednesday, 16 March; cloudy and cold. Snow and ice still hanging to the trees and covering the ground.

Thursday, 17 March; rain and warmer. With the help of Billie I took a truck load of wood and divided it between the Millers at Winworth and Maurice Whipp near the schoolhouse. There was no profit in this and I did it only to help the neighbors in time of trouble. A man came out and wired the house for an electric stove. Also men came out and strung a temporary wire on the ground through the woods for the telephone. The rain melted the snow so that bare patches of ground began to appear. Received a letter from Walker's wife about Ethel.

(Walker Chapman, 17 March, brown folder)

18 March 1932.

Letter to Mrs. Walker Chapman, Washington, D.C.

"My dear Becky:

"You did quite right to write me if you felt the impulse to do so. I am glad that Ethel has a friend who takes such an interest in her. You see, I hardly know her, having met her only a few times. I thought her very attractive, and very foolish in marrying Otis, because it could only mean many disappointments and much unhappiness for her. She probably realizes that now as she could not have done at the beginning. However, she was much older than Otis, had already been married once, and I suspect had experiences in Martinsburg, so that she should have known better. However, I would be the last one to blame her, and I certainly admire her spirit in trying to work and be selfsupporting.

"I think it is a serious mistake for any young couple to live with either of their parents, especially for the young couple. That was why I would not take them in with us the first night Otis brought Ethel to the house--but gave him \$10 to go to a hotel over night and told him to find a furnished room somewhere the next day. But wifey would not hear to it; instead she sent them to the little apartment of Jack and Thelma, and thereby complicated matters all round. Finally she maneuvered to herd them all together, with herself to supervise and interfere, under one roof. Knowing some of the traits of both my wife and Thelma I can well imagine how they have made Ethel's life a purgatory, as they would any woman who stepped in between them and Otis.

"Of course, Otis is very much to blame. Never having earned a cent of his own, with no income and no prospect of any, and wholly unprepared to earn a living for himself, much less a wife, he had no business to marry--in fact it was almost criminal on his part. Having

married, it was up to him to exert himself. If he had a spark of manhood in him he would have done so and tried to support his wife in a separate home of their own, even if it were only a furnished room somewhere, until they could do better. I suspect, however, that as long as I supply money to my wife he will not leave her because he knows he can get what he wants for the asking.

"Well, my dear young lady, just a word of wisdom from an old man: Please don't take the problem of these other young people too seriously. To be sure we have been taught from childhood, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,'--and so we should, to a certain extent; and to ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'--so we are, to a certain extent. But there is another wise old adage that runs, 'Virtue carried to excess becomes a vice.' So the desire to help others, especially those near and dear to us, sometimes goes to the point of unwelcome and meddlesome interference in the affairs and lives of those we wish to help. That is my wife's trouble in dealing with Otis and Thelma--simply an overwhelming desire to help them, regardless of consequences. Then too, perhaps, the greatest privilege that young people can possibly have is that of shaping their destinies and solving their particular problems themselves in their own way. Sometimes they understand those problems better than any one else. Otis and Ethel are entitled to this privilege, and as long as they have youth and health they should not need much outside help, beyond understanding, sympathy, and encouragement.

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4577

Saturday, 19 March; fair and warmer. Thawing rapidly. I made the fires, took up ashes, went to the mail box, and walked down to the narcissus field. Picked a few blossoms although snow was still on the ground. On the way back I was thrilled to see the pretty blue blossoms of a bank of myrtle looking up at the sky through the melting snow.

Sunday, 20 March; fair and warmer. Took a walk to the mail box, down through the glade to the lower place and back. Spent most of the day in the Whippoorwill. Finished reading the biography of Mozart. Had some fine music over the radio.

Monday, 21 March; a day of snow, sleet, and high winds. Hauled a load of wood in the truck to Lewis. Kept the houses warm in spite of the northeaster. Had a short letter from Ethel and Otis saying they did not like the last letter I wrote them (in which I said I did not think they would enjoy life at Sunny Hill and that if they came they must expect to work.) Reading a book by Richard Harding Davis and another translated from Italian by Madame Agresti, both good.

Tuesday, 22 March; clear. Writing last night until 3 a.m. The fire in the main house was out when I came over from the Whippoorwill and I stopped to remake it so that it was after 4 a.m. when I went to bed. Up and dressed in time for the noon luncheon. Sandy, the young dog was quite ill with distemper.

Wednesday, 23 March; clear and warm. I walked down to see how the narcissus were progressing. The myrtle was in bloom against a background of snow.

✓
(Otis and Ethel, 23 March, brown folder)

↙
(Wife, same.)

18 March 1932.

"My dear Adriana:

"Greetings! Your lovely letter of February 23 came some days ago--after a long wait for some word from you. I did not get the postal you mention. Of course I wrote you, but getting no reply wrote again to Mr. Longobardi asking if he could give me your correct address, to which no reply has come.

"I greatly appreciated your telegram as you were leaving New York, but there was delay in delivery and I was doubtful whether a message from me would reach you at sea, so did not send any, thinking you would write giving your address on reaching Rome.

"Well, my dear, I wonder if the streak of gloom in your letter is due to the depressing weather of Geneva such as I experienced in October and November, 1928. Most damnable or damnable weather I have encountered anywhere--rain, mist, fog, snow, hail, sleet, wind, gloom, cold, anything but bright cheery sunshine. It's enough to make humans hunt their holes, same as many other creatures that don't like to live with bats and owls. I wonder what the fairies and other good spirits do when they are caught unexpectedly in that kind of weather? I suspect they simply make a wish and, Psst, they find themselves at Naples, or Athens, or Cairo, or almost anywhere in U.S.A. Well, I wish you could do the same.

"Iv'e had a wonderful time this winter, writing, reading, and listening to the radio, with unlimited electric light, heat, and good cooking; no official obligations, and for the first time in my life all the time there is is mine, which means that when I feel like it I sit up all night--with ample supply of smokes and drinks--and, best of all, I don't have to get up until I jolly well feel like it. I have books galore, half a dozen daily newspapers that are newspapers, magazines, telephone, communication and the best of music with and

from all the world over the radio, good health, and a beautiful valley always spread out before me--plus dreams and visions.

"The cricket on the hearth in my study keeps saying 'Cheerup, Cheerup,' and I pass his message on to you. I, too, wish you might be within easy reach and share some of my sunshine.

"We had no winter until March 6. Day after day the sun shone brilliantly, the air was mild and balmy, birds sang, and vegetation continued to grow--nothing like it in Rome. Then on the 6th a blizzard descended upon us with hurricane violence and heavy snow and for two weeks we have had freezing temperatures, roads blocked with snow drifts, poles and wires down, and trees broken or blown down in every direction. Can you picture me in my cosy little home, warm and comfortable, looking out and putting my thumb to my nose and twiddling my fingers to the weather devils outside and defying them to do their worst?

"I have trained myself to write and to read with the radio running. One of my mental selves gives notice when anything interesting is coming, and I stop for a moment to listen. Yesterday I paused for a moment to listen: The 120,000,000 plus U.S. inhabitants have been shocked by the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby and all are listening in for news. It is generally understood that when the baby is recovered everyone will be notified and there will be a national celebration such as never was in the history of mankind--because Lindbergh typifies America. Well, over the radio came the announcement that in Philadelphia the whistle of a passing locomotive got stuck and continued to blow. People heard it and thought it was the signal that the baby had been recovered, and so they turned on their whistles, full blast and prolonged. , The whole city, bigger than Rome, turned out to jubilate and celebrate. Then the wires were kept busy trying to verify the news. And so, you see, something is

happening every minute over here, and it all comes to me in my mountain retreat.

"Among the publications that come to me is one my mother takes called the 'Pathfinder.' It is a cheap affair printed on cheap paper and I rarely have time to more than glance through it; but on the day I received your letter I looked through a copy, and somehow I thought you might like to see a specimen, copy of March 5, and so I am sending it to you. I checked off the items that struck my fancy. Remember, it is recognized here as a cheap affair and not at all typical of American newspapers and magazines, but it is written in a typically American spirit--a spirit of optimism, good humor, and disdain for gloomy hypocrisy and heavy, blundering, dundering diplomacy. Which makes me think of Punch's motto: 'What fools we mortals are,' or something to that effect.

"And so, my dear, I repeat the message of the cricket, of many crickets, at Sunny Hill, 'Cheerup, Cheerup.'

"Please keep me informed of your whereabouts, and write whenever you feel in the humor.

"Affectionately,

"L.M.E."

23 March 1932.

"Dear Otis (and Ethel):

"It is hard for me to write letters because I think of so many things to say, some of which had better not be said. It is always hard for an old man to talk or write to a young man because their lives, experiences, and way of thinking are so entirely different.

"So you did not like my last letter? Of course not, because in it I had to say some things that you should think about. You see, Otis, for several years you have just begged for trouble, and for some months you have had a taste of it. Cheer up, boy, because the worst is yet to come--unless you use your head and get ~~on~~ an entirely different slant on life and your relation to other people. Now that you are getting what was coming to you and are in trouble I should like to help you get it over with and get straightened out, but it is difficult because there is little I can say and no way to say it without hurting your pride and your feelings.

"Well, here goes. My last letter was written February 13 and in it I said that Sister Nellie and I made certain inquiries in Frederick regarding employment for you. It took you five weeks to answer that letter and show a slight interest in the prospective jobs. Of course, if you are not interested there seems to be no good reason why any one else should take an interest in the matter. Think, boy, think. It seems to me that my greatest service to you is to make you think.

"You say you are again out of employment. You did not volunteer any information about your insurance job or what became of it. Nor did you volunteer the slightest information as to what you do with your time while out of employment. Now, just for fun and to see what will come of it, I'm going to ask you to do something for me and for yourself.

"Get some blank sheets of paper. At the top of each write 'Natural Father,' 'Natural Mother,' 'Children's Aid Society,' 'Daddy,' 'Mommie,' 'Thelma,' 'Jack,' 'Walker,' 'Ethel,' and 'Other People.'

"Then write under each name 'What he (or she) has done for me,' and list all the things you can think of. Then write 'What I have done for him (or her),' and list all the things you can think of. Then write 'What he (or she) owes or should do for me'--and why.

"Before writing this exercise, think over the statement of Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that all men are created equal and with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is not strictly true, of course, but it expresses the truth that every human being on the face of the earth has every right that you possess, and every right that you possess ends where the equal rights of others begin. I want you to get that principle firmly fixed in your mind as a starting point to answering these questions, 'What has he done for me, what have I done for him, and what does he owe to me, and why?' ~~Th~~ This, because I want you to think out for yourself just why any human being should do anything for you. If you ever answer that question satisfactorily you will begin to see why you are out of employment, and always will be unless you change your point of view and realize that if you want anything you will have to work for it--depend absolutely on yourself and your own exertions. No one will want to help you, or can help you, or will help you, until you get busy and try to help yourself.

"It has seemed to me that your main trouble, aside from youth, inexperience, vanity, laziness, and general bad manners (all of which would naturally be outgrown) was simply that you thought the world owed you a living, or some one in the world, probably Daddy or Mommie,

and that therefore you did not have to study, or work, or be polite to other people, or do things for other people.

"Think, boy, think, and then do me the favor of writing out what you think your little world owes you, and why.

"So Ethel has had to go out to work to get something to eat. What about you? The first chance you get just look up in a dictionary the definition of the word 'parasite.'

"And she is 'only making small money of which Thelma and Jack always have their hands out for.' Well, why? Did you pay your share of the rent and other household expenses? Can you think of any good reason why they should pay your expenses? Did you ever loan money to either Thelma or Jack? Did you ever pay any part of their expenses? When you come to writing out what people owe you and what you owe people, and why, don't forget to credit Jack with the money you owe him, and the things he has done for and borne from you that money can never pay for--his patience with all your sulky, surly moods, your intrusion into his private married life, your invasion of his little apartment with your bride, and a thousand other disagreeable things that he has put up with you, all for the sake of Thelma and the baby.

"And so, when you proposed to come to Sunny Hill to work you had in mind not plowing and that sort of work? but 'small things,' that is, something soft and easy, suitable for a young man to whom the world or someone in it owes a living. The young 'hicks' out here of your own age work, earn wages, support their wives, wear good clothes, and have automobiles, but they don't do it by looking for 'small things' to do.

"Now about Ethel. I take off my hat to her for working when her husband don't. I hardly know her because I have seen so little of her. She is attractive to all men and if you want to keep her you had better get busy and support her, or some other man will do it

instead. Her past means nothing to me. I think she is prettier by far than Thelma, better by far than your old friend Nadine, quite as good as most women, and deserves a better husband than you. Sure, I will be glad to meet her--but it must be at Sunny Hill or some place where Mommie is not present--at least until there is a change in our situation. Why?

"Well, about a year ago it was necessary for me to come to Sunny Hill to live because I did not have enough money to continue to live in Washington without a salary. Mommie refused to come with me because she wanted to continue to be a wet nurse to you and to earn money for herself. In doing that she busted up our home and all our plans for a comfortable life in our old age, and 'deserted' her ~~Wm~~ home, which is ground for divorce. So far I have paid all her expenses, and will continue to do so as long as money holds out; but it is only a question of a few months when her allowance will have to stop. If she rejoins me at our home at Sunny Hill, all well and good--both the home and I are waiting patiently for her to come to her senses. If she does not, why, on a certain date her monthly allowance from me will cease,, for the good and sufficient reason that I will not have the money to send her; and to avoid further obligation I shall have to sue for divorce. Now, I am told that if I see Mommie in a private house, as I should much like to do, I simply lose credit for the time already lost, and I am not willing to do that.

"I'm wondering where you get off when Mommie's allowance from me stops, as it must sooner or later. Better think it over, boy, and decide to get busy and do something for yourself--and for your little wife. So far you havn't done much for yourself or anybody else. Don't you think it's about time that you got busy and gave us a good imitation of work?

"I'm sorry to have written in this strain--sorry that it seemed necessary--sorry that you have a lesson to learn, which is that if you want others to help you, you must first help yourself; that the world does not owe you a living, but that you owe it to yourself and to your other self, your wife. It is because I feel that until you learn this lesson of life you can never amount to anything or be anything but a misery to yourself and a nuisance to others, that I have written this. Other people know this lesson instinctively, or learn it as children, without being told; but you have been very slow to catch on to it, and so it has seemed necessary to write it out and spell it out for you in the hope that you will understand it, if not now then later, because I still have faith in you, if you will only use your head and get busy.

"If you had a little household furniture, knew a little about farming, had a little money or earning capacity in Frederick, you and Ethel might live at Lower Sunny Hill--but what can you do? The house is now vacant. I expect to rent it with garden and accessories for \$20 a month, but whoever rents it must have an income and a machine of his own for transportation. I cannot finance anybody, except Mommie, and that only for a time.

"Well, I must stop before I say anything more to hurt your feelings or add to your discouragement. You can make good and get all sorts of help when you fully realize your own obligations and relationship to other people.

"So here's wishing you may do a little hard thinking on your own account, a little hard work for other people, and turn up a little good luck for yourself. So long until I hear from you again.

"Daddy."

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4578

Thursday, 24 March; fair and pleasant. Took mother and sister to town in the morning. Had a nap in the afternoon and then started again on biographical notes. Trying to connect up notes in my diary, personal letters, and official letters, in chronological order, which is not always easy.

Friday, 25 March; fair and pleasant. Elizabeth helping sister clean house. In the afternoon I took her in the sedan as far as the schoolhouse lane. Mother went with us to protect Elizabeth's good name. Walked through the woods to the lower place. Examined the field planted with seedling locusts, but could find only a few. Read the papers and did some writing.

Saturday, 26 March; cloudy and light rain. Finished reading "The Bar Sinister" by Davis. The book had five short stories in it, all good. Took mother to town for groceries. Eunice and Charlie out for the first time since the blizzard.

Sunday, 27 March; cloudy and showers. Last night sat at my desk in the Whippoorwill writing from 6.30 p.m. to 3 a.m. and then read until 4 a.m. Writing notes for 1925. In some doubt as to how to handle the material; there is so much of it, partly official and partly private. My thought is to get it all down in shorthand before attempting to type it and then condense and revise. My second thought was that if my wife remained implacable in her refusal to join me I could drive down to Arkansas, rent a cheap room, remain three months to acquire legal residence in order to secure a divorce and while waiting occupy myself with the drudgery of typewriting. A few early narcissus in bloom, as well as crocuses and myrtle. Tree buds beginning to swell. Yesterday I saw a butterfly and last night two insects appeared over my desk.

Monday, 28 March; wind blowing a gale last night, followed by rain and snow today. Electricity off until late in the afternoon.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4579

Writing 1925 notes. The Lindberg baby not yet found.

Tuesday 19 March; fair and pleasant. Had Billie picking up stones in the peony field. He seemed to be so slow in his movements that I walked over to see what was the cause. He had visited the cider barrel and was properly drunk and was slowly and painfully picking up stones no larger than marbles. Took mother and sister^s to a picture show in the afternoon. Came near having a serious accident. I stopped in front of a grocery store near the theater to let sister and mother out. Sister stepped out promptly and I thought mother, who was in the rear seat, was out also. A street car was coming and I had to move, so I started forward. Then it appeared that mother was only partly out and when the car moved she fell heavily on the concrete pavement. Fortunately she was not hurt, except for the surprise shock. The door of the sedan was still open and caught on the rear of a car parked in front and bent the hinges and broke the glass. It cost me five dollars to have the hinges straightened and a new glass put in. The whole thing happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that we were all shocked.

Wednesday, 30 March; beautiful springlike day. Took sister and Elizabeth down to the lower place and they scrubbed the house thoroughly. Then went to town with the truck to bring out the paper boxes I had ordered for use in shipping flowers. Lewis was out of his house almost for the first time since he had his paralytic stroke and I invited him to go to town with me. He thoroughly enjoyed the ride. After returning I drove to the lower place to leave my watch with sister as she had requested. She then found that she had her wrist watch with her so that my ride was for nothing. After noon I drove down again to bring sister and her equipment back, but she had already left, so another trip was for nothing.

(1932, March, S.H.)

E--4580

Thursday, 31 March; showers and fog. Reading "Explorations of LaSalle" last night. Spent some time getting off the broken door of the oil stove and packing it for shipment to the factory. Writing letters. Heard some good radio music.

Friday, 1 April; clear and pleasant. Billie had been half drunk for several days and I had to tell him to stay away from the cider barrel except at quitting time. Did some odd jobs and wrote some letters. First forsythia blossoms appeared today.

✓
(Wife, 1 April, brown folder)

1 April 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Inclosed is the \$50 check for April.

"Yesterday I drove the truck to town for a load of boxes.

On the way down I stopped to ask Lewis to ride in with me. He was overjoyed, talked all the way in and all the way back, his eyes were bright and his face shining, and he waived his hand with a flourish at friends and acquaintances he recognized as we passed through the streets of Frederick. He was stricken with paralysis at the barn early in January. Dr. Hedges has pulled him through. It is his first illness and was serious. He is now strong enough to stand and walk alone, but rather clumsily. The doctor assures him he will recover and he has concentrated his mind and will power on doing so. The doctor told him the cause of his trouble was an almost exclusive meat diet, plus pies, and he has had to cut all that out. I suspect, however, that he was predisposed to it, because his father and uncle had the same trouble. I suspect also that his strongest desire is to get back to Sunny Hill which he has grown to love and to feel a sort of proprietary ^{interest} in all that pertains to it. We have all missed his willing service and unfailing cheerfulness. So today I had the pleasure of seeing him thoroughly enjoy himself.

"A day or so ago we were down at Lower Sunny Hill cleaning house to get it ready for a new tenant. While there three rather remarkable females came through, paused a moment, and went on to see the driver of a truck who was unloading lime at the barn. All three were dissipated and repulsive looking. From our helper I learned that the eldest, coarsest and most repulsive is the wife of a neighbor bootlegger, who is father of a little girl whom we knew that was taken over by the Children's Aid Society and was adopted by some Washington people and

is now happily married. Grant that she may never meet her father or stepmother.

"For some weeks I have been reviewing my diary, notes and correspondence for the year 1925. In doing so I have lived over that year and it seems to have revived and brought back all my thoughts and feelings of that year, most of which centered about you and the children, and Sunny Hill. Again I felt the keen disappointment that I had to wait two months for word from you after I reached Rome. Again I saw you as you were when I left you standing in the vestibule at 1026 and during the two years we were in the Argentine--and for the time being forgot the woman I came back to at the end of 1929. After leaving my wife and dearest friend on the official mission, for five long years among strangers, I dreamed of the time when I would be free to return to her and we should 'live happily ever after;' and when at last I did return full of happy hope and eagerness the wife and dearest friend of former years was gone and in her place was a strange woman that looked like her--a woman who questioned my very place in the home and interest in the affairs of the home, who questioned my motives, my integrity, my truthfulness, and my sincerity, and instead of friendly cooperation she met me at every turn with misunderstanding and bitter opposition--often secret opposition--and that course of action and attitude greatly endangered the whole future of a temporarily foolish but promising young man. But constantly the image of the beloved wife and dearest friend rises before me and fills me with inexpressible sadness--to think what is, and what might have been for her and I. My habit of thought is to think of you as you were before the change took place. To me it is a tragedy for us both, because I am quite sure that you have no conception of what you have missed the past year, and for me it was a disappointment that you could not share it with me. Sometimes I wonder if my dream

simply had to end in a nightmare, or whether the nightmare will pass and the dream return.

"Day before yesterday, spring was here: Blue sky, fleecy white clouds, a smiling valley, robins, redbirds, wrens, and some jolly black-birds and crows talking over spring prospects, the first daffodils waving their golden banners, some butterflies fluttering about--and the wife and dearest friend not here to see all these little friends wake up to greet the spring. I am quite sure that the little wife of 1925 can never be happy away from her husband and Sunny Hill no matter how much she tries to make herself believe that she is--and I am equally sure that the estranged wife, amiga mia, that I encountered on my return could never be happy with me or at Sunny Hill. I yearn for the one, but never want to see the other. Sometime, maybe, the witch will disappear and the beloved wife will return.

"I wonder if you ever read this story from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, taken from the 'Wyf of Bathes Tale'?

"One of King Arthur's knights assaulted a beautiful maiden he encountered running about in the woods with no clothes on. For this he was arrested and condemned to death by the King, but the Queen begged for a respite, which was granted and his fate left to be decided by the Queen. She said to the condemned knight:

'I graunte thy lyf, if thou canst telle me,
What thing is it that wommen most desiren;'

and she gave him a year in which to find the answer. At the end of the year:

'Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
And many a wydow, for that they ben wyse,
The queen ~~Mé~~ herself sittynge as a justise,
Assembled ben, his answer for to hiere;
And after-ward this knight was bode appiere.
To every wight commaunded was silence,
And that the knight shulde telle in audience
What thing that worldly wommen loven best.

'This knight ne stood not stille, as doth a best,
 But to the questioun answerde,
 With manly voys, that al the court it herde:
 "My liege lady, generally," quod he,
 "Wommen desiren to have soveraynte
 As wel over hir housbond as over hir love,
 And for to be in maystry him above.
 This is your most desir, though you me kille;
 Doth as yo list, I am heer at your wille."

'In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
 Ne wydow that contraried what he sayde;
 But sayden, he was worthy have his lif.'

"I wonder if the change that took place in my beloved wife
 of 1925 and before is not partly explained in the answer that the
 knight gave?

"Love to the little wife of long ago.

"L.M.E."

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4581

Saturday, 2 April; clear pleasant day. Spent several hours with Billie putting things in order and was very tired afterwards.

Sunday, 3 April; Took a walk through the woods. The narcissus beginning to bloom in spots. Have the vases full. Mr. Hankey and two young men came out to propose establishing an amateur radio station at Sunny Hill with a small club house. We were interrupted by visitors from Martinsburg who were acquainted with Charlie and Eunice.

Monday, 4 April; clear and bright. I took Emory ^Cline in the truck to Frederick and brought out seed oats, clover and timothy. Made a second trip to town for a doubletree, taking Lewis with me for the ride. While resting at the Whippoorwill Mr. and Mrs. Hershey, manager of the Francis Scott Key Hotel, came out. I gave them some wine. They seemed to be much interested in birds.

Tuesday, 5 April; showers. Spent ~~with~~ some time with Billie trying to raise and prop a large cedar near the veranda. It had lain on the ground covered with a bank of snow for weeks after the great blizzard.

Wednesday, 6 April; Took a load of wood in the truck to Lewis. Had visitors out from Frederick to buy a few narcissus. Mother was greatly perturbed because she let the coffee percolator burn on the electric range and I took her and the percolator to town to see if we could have it repaired. Also took a truckload of wood down to the Millers at Winworth. Had an argument with sister and mother about the garden. I wanted it plowed and harrowed and the seed planted in long rows that could be kept clean with horse ⁿ and plow. They wanted to cut it up into little squares and make short rows which would make it necessary to do all work by hand.

~~(Hankey, 7 April, brown felder)~~ *omit*

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4582

Friday, 8 April; cloudy and cold. Sowing timothy and clover at the lower place. Did some work in the garden. Did a little plowing. Completely exhausted afterwards.

Saturday, 9 April; rain, fog, and wind. Took flowers to the hotel for the first time this year. Billie asked about the fourth barrel of cider that had raisins and sugar in it. I gave him a glass full and told him to stay away from ~~it~~ the barrel. He had already consumed most of three barrels. Writing up 1926 notes.

Sunday, 10 April; rain, fog, and wind. A northeast storm for twenty-four hours with nearly three inches of precipitation. Writing diary notes. Charlie left for Washington early, Eunice to spend the week with us. Had a visitor to look at the lower house. Good music over the radio.

Monday, 11 April; rain, fog, and wind. Walked down to the lower place and back. Most of the day writing up 1926 notes. Saw a cardinal in the forsythia bush and a robin in the birdbath.

Tuesday, 12 April; fair and cold. Writing last night until 3 a.m., ~~and got up at 5 a.m.~~ went to bed at 5 a.m., and got up at 11 a.m. I felt that it was better to write when I felt like it, even if it is all night, because at other times I do not feel like writing and it is uphill work. Sister Nellie and Eunice picked 130 bunches of narcissus blossoms which were just beginning to open. All other plants seemed to have been frosted.

✓
(Otis, 12 April, brown folder)

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4583

Wednesday, 13 April; clear and cold wind. Showed some people from Frederick over the lower place. Sat up ~~late~~ late last night and sleepy today.

Thursday, 14 April; fair and cold. Took a load of narcissus to the dealer in Washington and was back at 10 a.m. Wheat looking well. Mr. Bauer asked me not to bring or send any more flowers because he had so many he could not sell them. The cold weather had held back the narcissus through^{ou}t this region so that when it turned warm they all blossomed at once and caused a glut. Had a number of visitors, some to look at the flowers and some to look at the lower house that I had advertised for rent.

Friday, 15 ^{April} ~~March~~; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out some seed. Saw a groundhog at the lower place. Arbutus beginning to blossom.

Saturday, 16 April; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to the hotel and returned by the Rocky Springs road and stop^oped at a Mr. Kemp's to get some eggs for sister. Sister and helpers picking narcissus. Had some visitors for flowers. Expecting people out tomorrow^o to look at and buy flowers, and to be prepared I went to Frederick after supper and bought fifteen dollars worth of small change. Most of those who bought a few flowers at Sunny Hill appeared never to have change and would tender a one, a five, or a ten dollar bill. I felt that I was ready for them now.

Sunday, 17 April; clear and cold. Had many visitors for flowers. Most of the day was waiting on visitors and took in for the entire day only \$4.75. Mr. Hankey and companions were out to see about the radio station they wished to establish. Visitors from Washington were out to see Sister Nellie. Mr. Price and Thelma were out in the late afternoon. He said the family expected to separate at the end of the

(1932, April, S H.)

E--4584

month; that wife was trying to get into the candy business; that Otis seemed to have a permanent job with a chain grocery store; that Ethel worked for awhile; that there had been more or less constant friction in the "family combination;" and that the old women living next door to our town house wanted wife to live with them and look after their house.

(Becky Chapman, 17 April, brown folder).

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4585

Monday, 18 April; Beautiful day. Sister Nellie and helpers picking narcissus. I took a load to Frederick to send by express to New York. Had some visitors to see the flowers. Had a nice letter from Emma Burton in answer to my letter of a year ago.

(Emma Burton, 18 April, brown folder)

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4586

Tuesday, 19 April; another beautiful day. Had several visitors out to see the flowers. Did some cleaning up. Writing 1926 notes.

Wednesday, 20 April; clear and pleasant. Took a load of narcissus to Washington. In the afternoon went to Frederick for lime. Took Billie along and brought out a sack of potatoes for him. Milton Blank pointing up the stone buildings. Sister and helpers picking narcissus. Had a few visitors. A strenuous day.

While writing in the Whippoorwill I heard the baying of hounds outside. We had been annoyed many times by these dogs making so much noise at night near the houses. I took the carbine and walked down to the edge of the narcissus field and sat awhile. It was rather pleasant in the semidarkness watching the lights in the valley below. I could hear the dogs approaching from the east border. After awhile I caught sight of the form of a dog in the narcissus weaving back and forth and sniffing. With a view to frightening him I fired in his general direction without taking accurate aim. He gave a yelp; in fact several yelps, as if he had been hit. I caught sight of another dog and fired at it. Then there was shouting that seemed to come from the middle of the field, "Don't kill my dogs." I shouted back "Call your dogs away if you don't want them shot." I walked back to the Whippoorwill and saw mother and sister standing in the kitchen door and I called to them that "It is all right." I went up on the Whippoorwill veranda with the loaded gun across my knee. The man who owned the dogs was standing at the upper end of the narcissus field with a companion. They called to me to come down. I replied, "If you want to see me you will have to come here." One of them approached and stood in front of the veranda and ~~sa~~ gave his name as Lewis W. Garner, owner of the dogs, and the man whom once before I had warned off the place when

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4587

I found him camping in an old ^hford in front of our entrance gate with his hound dogs. The other man, whom we recognized as Charlie Whipp, a neigh^{bor}, would not come near enough to show himself. Garner was greatly excited and talked rapidly in a loud voice, saying that he had a perfect right to go where he pleased, that he could not control his dogs, that no man had a right to shoot his dogs, and that the man who did it would have his houses and barns burned down, his woods set on fire, and a bullet shot at him through the window at night. He said that before I shot at his dogs I should have called out to him. I replied that I did not know he was trespassing on my property at the time; that I was under no obligation to call out if I did; that I had advertised in the local papers that no hunting would be permitted at Sunny Hill by man or dog, and had ^Cta~~k~~ed notices of no hunting all along the boundaries; and that right or wrong I would not hesitate to shoot man or dog prowling about the place at night. Mother and sister both came over to the Whippoorwill and I was somewhat embarrassed by their presence. Garner continued to talk, he talked for an hour, and although I was greatly provoked and strongly inclined to take him under arrest, I felt that he was greatly excited over the loss of a dog and that talking would relieve his mind. In the presence of my loaded gun he was respectful in his language. I suggested that in view of his threats at burning buildings and setting fire to the woods, in the presence of witnesses, of course, if a fire ever did break out he would be the first to be arrested and charged with the crime. Before leaving he asked permission to get his dogs, which I readily granted. It was a most disagreeable incident, but he remained away thereafter and I never saw him again.

Thursday, 21 April; a lovely spring day. Before I was up a brother of Mr. Garner was out and asked permission to look for the

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4588

dog that was supposed to have been shot the night before. The dog was not found. I suspected that it was a young dog and had never heard the report of a gun and ran away frightened. The carbine ^a~~wa~~ of large caliber and made as much noise as a shotgun. Sister and helpers picking narcissus. Milton Blank pointing up cracks in the Whippoorwill. Had the tinman out to repair gutters that were torn off by the blizzard. I took flowers to the hotel in the morning and to the express office in the afternoon.

Friday, 22 April; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to Gaithersburg and sent ^{them} by express from that point to Washington on an early morning train. In this way I avoided the heavy traffic in Washington. Also I could thus avoid meeting the manager who always tried to dissuade me from shipping or bringing any more flowers. Sister and helpers still picking. ~~Ma~~ Had a few visitors in the afternoon. Apparently all they wanted was to look at the field of golden blossoms without buying any. Their coming meant constant interruption because they seemed to expect me to come out and greet them, talk to them, and accompany them to the field and back, and tell them the names of the different varieties. In time this gets to be an old story and very tiresome.

Saturday, 23 April; a fine day and hot. Took flowers to the ~~heat~~ hotel. Sister and helpers still picking. The heat made the blossoms open fast. A Mr. Sheets and his wife signed a lease for the lower house and garden at \$15 a month beginning the first of May. There was a fire on South Mountain in the afternoon. Saw a groundhog above the Cricket House and found his den, which had three separate entrances.

Sunday, 24 April; fair and cool enough for a fire. Visitors all day but they left very little money although they took up much of my time. Walker and his wife and mother-in-law were out for a few minutes. The Aaron^{offs}~~sens~~ from ^a~~W~~ashington spent the afternoon with us. I was very

(1932, April, S.H.)

E--4589

tired from meeting so many people. The narcissus field was a sheet of waving gold. Sister and her helpers picking in the forenoon.

Monday, 25 April; light showers, fog, cold and disagreeable. Took flowers to Gaithersburg to express to Washington. The birds were singing today, including several sandy mockers and many robins. Thinking of asking Lewis to take over the flower business next year and relieving sister and I of so much worry and work.

Tuesday, 26 April; sunshine and showers. Sister and helpers picking narcissus in the afternoon. I took several boxes to the ~~express~~ express office for New York. Had visitors in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 27 April; a clear blustery day with a few flakes of snow. Took flowers to the hotel. Finished picking narcissus for shipment. The field was still full of bloom but the blossoms were passing. I mowed the lawns. The Morningstar family, looking like Gypsies, came up in an old car and picked and tied narcissus blossoms to sell on the streets of Frederick.

Thursday, 28 April; clear and pleasant. Took a shipment of flowers to Gaithersburg, the last of the season. In the afternoon I took mother with me and drove over into Middletown valley trying to find a man who had soybeans for sale, but could not find the right place. I called at several farms to inquire the way but all were completely deserted and not a human being in sight. We returned by way of Braddock Heights and stopped to talk with Mr. Hargett. He has a dahlia farm and grows a many other flowers as well, besides running an antique store. He was very enthusiastic, talkative, but pessimistic about flowers. The ground was dry and dusty.

Friday, 29 April; a beautiful day. Sister and mother went to town on a shopping trip. We had a baked shad for supper. The Morningstars were out and got 200 bunches of narcissus. A number of visitors were out, including Mr. Hershey and a Washington newspaper man.

(1952, April, S.H.)

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Took flowers to Gaitherburg to express to Washington. The birds were singing today, including several sandy meadow and many robins. Thinking of asking Lewis to take over the flower business next year and relieving sister and I of so much worry and work. Tuesday, 26 April; sunshiny and showers. Sister and helpers

picking narcissus in the afternoon. I took several boxes to the express office for New York. Had visitors in the afternoon.

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"Sunday, 24 April 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"A million daffodils are looking up at the sky and over Frederick Valley and wondering why you have not been out to see them or expressed no interest in them. They are exceptionally fine this year, but because the Dutch growers have swamped all markets it is doubtful whether those we can dispose of will sell for enough to cover cost of handling. I looked all over the place this morning trying to find a box to send you some, but could find none. A week ago I put an ad. in the Frederick paper inviting people to come out and pick their own flowers at five cents a dozen. Many came, but the flowers they take away barely pay for the time it takes to wait on them. One's principal compensation is simply meeting so many different kinds of people--most of them friendly, some indifferent, and a few downright snobs whom I take particular delight in snubbing.

"Many other things are beginning to wake up. The Forsythia is a mass of golden bloom, and yesterday the cherry trees broke out in white blossoms. We have never had so many song birds as this spring. Yesterday it was hot in the afternoon. I had the door of the Whippoorwill open and the little radio was sending over a beautiful symphony. Suddenly I awoke to the fact that a bird was singing his heart out and occasionally matching the notes of the symphony. I stepped to the door and there on the great Forsythia bush at the corner was a sandy mockingbird facing the door and singing with all his might. Out from the other corner of the Whippoorwill, next to the Forsythia and lilac bushes, I have placed the bird bath and the robins and wrens have found it. Nearly every evening two bunny rabbits come down to play about the bird bath, which seems to be a favorite spot with them. Night before last I heard the first whippoorwill. Yesterday afternoon I caught sight of a little ground hog in the rocks above the Cricket House. I

"Sunday, 24 April 1932."

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other corner of the Whippoorwill, next to the Forsythia and lilac bushes,
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Nearly every evening two bunny rabbits come down to play about the
bird bath, which seems to be a favorite spot with them. Night before
last I heard the first whippoorwill. Yesterday afternoon I caught
eight of a little ground hog in the rocks above the Great House. I

went up to see where and how he disappeared so quickly. I found his den. He has three entrances so that he can enter or leave in any direction. The Japanese cherries began to bloom today along the entrance drive. Some little bleeding hearts that I set out last year bloomed today. A bed of violets broke out and lifted up their little faces day before yesterday. So day by day something is happening at Sunny Hill.

"Yesterday was warm and I had the stove ^athen out of the Whip-poorwill. This evening I had a cheerful wood fire in the fireplace. Now, if there is anything that will make one think of his dear ones it is an open blazing wood fire. I asked myself, as I have done many times, why is not wifey here where she belongs? Aside from bitter, malignant enmity and opposition the last year we lived together, she gave only two reasons: She felt that she must live with and for our adopted son, although he was married, quite able to take care of himself, and had treated his foster mother shamefully and tolerated her only for the money and other favors he might expect to get from her. The second reason was that she wanted to go out into the world and make a living for herself and be independent of the husband who still loved her but whom she seemed to have come to hate. Is it not so? Or was and is he mistaken?

"Now, my dear, nothing you can say will make me believe that for some years you did not love and enjoy Sunny Hill. You know that we planned to make it the home of our old age and play time. That time came when I was diplomatically squeezed out of my government position and my salary ceased. Not a pleasant experience, and apparently not at all understood by you while it was taking place. But the question remains, why during the past year you have scarcely mentioned Sunny Hill in the few and meager letters you have written, nor expressed the slightest interest in it; and yet hundreds of visitors, many of

them people of culture, are enthusiastic about it and seem to think that I lead an ideal existence amid ideal surroundings. This was and is your home. I can't for one minute believe that you prefer a hall bedroom in a little house in Washington. I don't for one minute believe that you have been either contented or happy or prosperous during the last year. I gave Otis the choice of either studying or working--the choice that every boy or man has to face. Girls don't because they have sex and because of it men, or a man, will work for them. Otis has had to work the past year, and for the rest of his life he will have to work, in spite of anything you can do for him--except only if he should lose his present wife and marry a woman wealthy enough to support him without work. That is his inevitable fate, in spite of all your efforts. So you have failed utterly in shielding him from work.

"And the employment, independence idea--has it been a success? Of course not. Never can be nor will be at your age and under present conditions. You are brave. Why not face a few facts, as other people have to do. Why not realize that wishing, and willing, and ignoring what other people have to recognize as the conditions of life, really cannot make much change in those conditions--and that perhaps you, as well as all other human beings, make mistakes in all honesty and sincerity, and that the right thing and the brave thing to do is to acknowledge them, at least to oneself, and try to correct them before it is everlastingly too late.

"My own life has been saddened by the disappointment of my homecoming and your desertion, but is rich with memories, daily interests, the panorama of nature, and numerous contacts with interesting people, books and radio music. My wife should share this, and it saddens me to think of what she has missed and is missing. I feel that I can do no less than remind her of it, and hope that her midsummer madness will pass.

"I sometimes wonder if it is possible that you, with your naturally sweet disposition, have listened to ignorant, distorted gossip--some of it perhaps originating with Thelma. Pardon the suggestion--but I have seen writing of hers and heard statements attributed to her--by no one you know--which simply show that at one stage of her development she had little regard for the truth. To me all gossip is contemptible--from any source. I was perhaps the last member of the family to hear of Charlie's affair with Ethel's sister. Both he and she were wrong, of course, he especially, but of the three Eunice had most cause to feel aggrieved, and if she is willing to condone his fault, I don't see that it concerns any one else. I have seen both anonymous letters and so-called comic valentines received by members of my family, the handwriting and the typewriting of which was recognized by me instantly. Now, my dear, No Estabrook or Melling ever wrote an anonymous letter, or sent a comic valentine, or said anything knowingly with intention to hurt or cause distress. One of your characteristics that I admired and respected most was the fact that all petty gossip stopped with you, nothing repeated, even though it sometimes meant that your husband was kept in ignorance of information that would have enabled him to act more intelligently. I mention this matter of gossip only as a remote possibility--because of what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears--for to me it is simply childish malice and means absolutely nothing, or should mean nothing, although at times it is aggravating because of the untruth, the injustice, and the malice involved in it, and the needless distress it may cause. Surely between you and me anything in the nature of gossip, what this one said or that one said, no matter who, can be ignored and forgotten.

"Another thought: Do you remember our vacations, few and far between, when we were alone together and I was comparatively free from official responsibilities? Did you ever stop to think that after

my official obligations and responsibilities ended, what came after would be one long vacation, with absolute freedom and independence within the limits of a meager cash income?

"Think these things over, my dear, all by yourself. Think this other thought: Daddy loved Thelma and Otis quite as much as Mommie, maybe more, but because of his different experience and point of view he had different ideas as to how they should be brought up in preparation for the life before them--\$ study, work, responsibility, with play and entertainment as a reward for effort--but you turned the theory around, and the result has not been happy. Remember, also, that for some years he was laboring under great stress and strain trying to provide for you and them--which made him impatient of interference. He remained in the government service eight years longer than a rather influential group intended that he should, not an easy or a pleasant experience, but he stuck to it mostly to insure a retreat and a pleasant life in our old age. You did not fully understand it at the time--perhaps never will. You quit just at the r wrong time. You simply don't know what you missed this last year.

"Think, my dear, did you ever make a horrible mistake?

"Can you not realize or bring yourself to admit that both you and I are growing old and our span of life is lessening, that many things we could have done easily and with joy forty or more years ago we can no longer do, and that it is the part of wisdom to recognize our limitations and adjust our lives to them? Do you ever try to visualize what the remainder of our lives are likely to be, or what we might make them if ~~mis~~ misunderstanding, hate, and intolerance could be eliminated? Something to think over, my dear.

"From time to time, perhaps every time I have written you, I have expressed the hope that you are well, that you had found congenial employment, and were happy. That was always a very sincere wish and hp

hope on my part. If I could be assured on these three points it would contribute greatly to my tranquility of mind. I miss the wife I had to leave when my work took me abroad--not the one I returned to, who was quite different--and her welfare is very much my concern. The old wife was and is very dear to me and it is of her I am thinking and wondering if she is contented and happy. I wonder if she could let me know?

"I was interrupted in the writing of this letter and closed it this, Monday, evening. It has been such a day as you always said you liked--a gray day of light mist that softens the outlines of everything, buildings, stone fences, trees, the green grass, and the snowy white cherry trees, and the masses of golden Forsythia. Never have I heard the birds at Sunny Hill sing as they sang today.

"With love to the dear companion of former times.

"Lee.

1 May 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"I inclose the customary \$50 check for may.

"I am still wondering why you write so seldom, why you have never expressed the slightest interest in Sunny Hill or your husband; why you have never given me the slightest information about yourself, your situation, or your plans, or the children; and I sometimes wonder how it would seem to you if I matched silence with silence--deadly silence.

"We had a fine rain last night which was badly needed. I look for a wonderful transformation within the next ten days. The rain ended the narcissus. The cherries blossomed ~~last~~ last week and the apples promise bloom this week. Never have there been so many different kinds of birds at Sunny Hill as this spring.

"Love, in spite of the deadly silence.

"Lee.

2 May 1932.

Dear Otis:

"Your letter of yesterday came today and I was very glad to know that you have a steady job. You are fortunate to have such a job when so many men are out of employment. What you say about the good opinion of the section supervisor was good news indeed, because the good opinion of those for whom you work is often worth more in the long run than the salary you get at present because it means steady employment and promotion later. You are just beginning and naturally have to work hard and get a small salary because of your youth and inexperience, but every month you stick will see you that much farther along, and there is no reason whatever why you cannot become one of their most valuable men, and when you do you will move up into one of the higher positions. I am more than glad that you are making such a good beginning.

"I will try to be at 25th and Pa.Ave.N.W. next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, if the weather is favorable. No use looking for me if it is raining or looks too threatening because you would not enjoy coming out here in the rain. If all is well we can be out here before noon, have dinner, look about a little, and start back about three o'clock, which would put you home before five and allow me to return by seven. You see it means two round trips for me, and I do not like driving after dark, especially Sunday evening when there are so many cars on the road.

"Hoping to see you Sunday, and with best wishes to you both.

"Sincerely,

"Daddy."

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4593

Tuesday, 3 May; clear and cool. Doing odd jobs. Went to town for various things needed on the farm. Wrote some plant orders.

Wednesday, 4 May; a beautiful day. Looking after the men working on the place. Catherine Masser visiting mother.

Thursday, 5 May; another beautiful day. Got up several times in the night to drive away a stray dog that was barking about the place. When I went out with the rifle he came toward me wagging his tail and so obviously apologizing that I did not have the heart to shoot him. A van brought out some linoleum mother had bought. Lewis and his wife drove up in the afternoon. The Japanese flowering cherry in full bloom and a lovely sight. First white iris in blossom.

Friday, 6 May; clear and pleasant. In the morning I harrowed the flower gardens and got very tired. In the afternoon Mr. Hankey was out with a group of companions and they expressed themselves as pleased with the form of agreement I had drawn up for the erection of a club house and equipment for an amateur radio station.

Saturday, 7 May; clear and hot. Took flowers to the hotel and brought out groceries. Eunice and Charlie came out in the late afternoon. Sandy nearly blind and deaf from distemper. I would have had him shot but mother would not hear of it and undertook to nurse him.

Sunday, 8 May; clear and cool. Had to start the fires. Took flowers to Miss Johnson and then drove into Washington and brought out Otis and Ethel. Forest trees beginning to put forth their leaves. Had a nice luncheon. Had some visitors at the Whippoorwill, gave them some wine, and then walked about the place with them. I left with mother, Otis and Ethel shortly after 3 o'clock. Beyond the church near Henderson's corners a hobo staggered across the road

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(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4594

and fell or threw himself against the running board of my car. I had seen him on the wrong side of the road, had sounded my horn several times, and slowed up, and as he surged suddenly into the roadway I swerved to miss him. He claimed th^a_^ his leg was broken and was much disappointed when he could find no bruise or other mark of injury. He was ugly and threatening, but fortunately the driver of another car had seen the whole performance and was prepared to back me up. The man said he w^a_^s on his way to his home in Washington, having walked, so he said, from Los Angeles. I took him into the car with us and left him at Washington Circle. He demanded car fare from there to his home and I gave him a dime to get rid of him.

As usual, Otis volunteered no information, but in response to direct questioning he said he liked his present work, that wife had been well, that she was still making a little candy, and that she had been in Richmond since last year. Ethel was physically attractive, of the small voluptuous type, but had little to say. I was extremely tired from making the two trips to Washington, looking after visitors, and the strain of de^a_^aling with the belligerent hobo.

Monday, 9 May; cloudy and cold. Planting dahlias. Did not get up until 11 a.m. Then slept all the afternoon in the Whippoorwill. Felt enervated as if I had an attack of malaria.

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(Wife, 9 May, brown folder)

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E-4594

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(Wife, 9 May, brown folder)

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4595

Tuesday, 10 May; raining, cold, disagreeable. Had a fire in the Whippoorwill and did some writing. Went to town for groceries.

Wednesday, 11 May; rain, fog, and cold. Doing odd jobs and some writing. Milton ^CKline came up to see about work and I gave him Sandy. Sandy was shivering so at the time that Milton said he would come after him on a warm day when the sun was shining. Beginning to think of going to Arkansas for a divorce unless wife changes her attitude.

Thursday, 12 May; raining and cold. A good day to stay indoors. Over the radio came the announcement that the Lindberg baby had been found--dead. One of the tragedies of the century. Writing up notes on the trip to Sweeden and Norway.

Friday, 13 May; clearing and warmer. In the afternoon took Sister Nellie with me to Hargett's at Braddock Heights to get some dahlias I had ordered from him. Back by way of Frederick for groceries. Mr. Hankey and associates were out in the afternoon. He said there was a prospect that the Lions Club would finance their project for a amateur radio station and they hoped to have it completed by the 4th of July. One of the guinea hens was killed last night. Nothing left but some feathers.

Saturday, 14 May; a beautiful day. Took flowers to the hotel. Mother went along to do some shopping. Had six tons of crushed stone put on the driveway near the Whippoorwill. Had visitors in the late afternoon. Among them was a family named Engle who had once owned Sunny Hill, had partly built the new house, and had then sold the place to Lewis Masser from whom I bought it. The lilacs were about gone. Iris beginning to bloom. Unable to do much writing because of frequent interruptions.

Sunday, 15 May; clear and pleasant. Took flowers to Miss Johnson

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4596

with mother. Had a short nap in the afternoon. Mr. Hankey and seven others were out to inspect Observatory Hill where they were thinking of establishing their radio station. As this party left Walker and his wife, Becky, with Otis and Ethel, drove up in Walker's car. I had them in the Whippoorwill, gave them some wine, walked with them about the place, gave them some iris, and took them over to the main house to see mother and sister. They left at 5.30 p.m.

Monday, 16 May; fair and cool. Sister and helpers planting flower seed. I ~~pl~~ planted some flower seed and began disbudding peonies. ~~Saw Elizabeth twice for a few minutes, but sister watching us like a hawk.~~

Tuesday, 17 May; fair and cool. Drove to town for groceries and four dining room chairs. Disbudded some peonies. Mr. and Mrs. Hershey came out and I gathered some dogwood and azalia blossoms for them. Then Miss Daniels and Miss Williams were her for awhile.

Wednesday, 18 May; clear and cool. Took flowers to the hotel and did odd jobs about the place. Lucy Whipp asked me to send one of the men down with a horse to plant her corn, but I declined because we were working desperately to get flower seed planted.

Thursday, 19 May; clear and cool. Sister and helpers still planting flower seed. I cultivated some of the gardens in the forenoon and cut mustard plants in the afternoon. Field corn just coming up. Peonies at the lower place badly in need of work.

Friday, 20 May; a beautiful day. Sister and helpers pulling weeds in the peony patch at lower place. I drove to town for supplies. Mr. and Mrs. Hershey came out just at noon. I mowed some on the lawns. Received a letter from wife inclosing two letters she had written to me last November but had not mailed.

Saturday, 21 May; clear and warm. Took mother to town with flowers for the hotel. Bought a cheap nickel watch to wear in the

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4597

fields. Elizabeth was helping today and I took her in the car as far as the schoolhouse. For the first time in several months neither mother nor sister went along as a chaperone. ~~We carressed each other in the garage for a moment before leaving.~~ In the afternoon I sprayed some potatoes that were just coming through the ground. Each plant was infested with bugs; in fact, I saw several places where as many as six bugs were sitting about waiting for a plant to come through. I wondered where those bugs came from and how they knew where to look for the young plants.

Sunday, 22 May; clear and cold. Took flowers to Miss Johnson with mother. Miss Johnson was a sweet faced little ~~sp~~ spinster who had lost both mother and sisters and she had a standing order for fifty cents worth of flowers to be delivered Sunday mornings for their graves. It was a nuisance to have to get up early Sunday morning to take these flowers in and the fifty cents barely paid for gasoline and oil, but the little lady was so pathetic in her desire for the flowers that I continued to deliver them long after I wanted to quit. Spent the rest of the day writing. Had a number of visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Sonen were out. I disliked the man heartily. Some of the Bisers were up to look about the place. The iris were lovely, snowballs near perfection, and sweet rocket beginning to bloom. The peonies were budding, but the buds seemed to be stationary because of the cool weather.

(Wife 22 May, brown folder)

(1932, May, S.H.)

Elizabeth was helping today and I took her in the car as far as the schoolhouse. For the first time in several months neither mother nor sister went alone as a chaperone. We discussed each other in the garage for a moment before leaving. In the afternoon I sprayed some potatoes that were just coming through the ground. Each plant was infested with bugs; in fact, I saw several places where as many as six bugs were sitting about waiting for a plant to come through. I wondered where those bugs came from and how they knew where to look for the young plants.

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(Wife 22 May, Brown folder)

22 May 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Your letter of the 18th with inclosures came two days ago. That letter was much appreciated because it is the first one received from you in the last two or three years that gave any information about yourself or other members of the family.

"I was a little disappointed, however, that there were only two inclosures. Somehow I understood from your previous letter that you had written a number, or several, letters to me that were not mailed, and I wanted them all, just because they were written by you and they would perhaps explain why my little wife acted so strangely and inexplicably in 1930. But two letters can hardly be called 'several' or 'a few' or even 'some.' I appreciate the feeling that prompted you to withhold them, but I still want them; so if you have others please send them along. Nothing you ever said or can say hurts me so much as silence, concealment, or refusal to discuss matters of mutual interest.

"It would serve no useful purpose to comment on your two letters, which I have read with sympathetic understanding, except just a few things that stick up in my mind after reading them and allowing two days to elapse.

"You refer to the incident in July, 1930, at the Cricket House. To me it was the most disappointing and humiliating experience of my life. I wonder if you can remember and appreciate the significance of what went before and what you said and did to goad me to desperation. Well, the straw that broke the camel's back was your absolute and defiant refusal to even discuss the special provision you had made for the comfort and convenience of Otis ^{at} ~~and~~ the expense of comfort and convenience of others--Otis at that time being a badly spoiled pup and treating both you and ^{me} ~~A~~ in the most insulting manner--and your words were 'I will

not listen to a word you say,' and my response, 'You will listen to me, if it is the last thing that ever happens,'--and you did; but that incident should never have occurred; it was wholly inexcusable. Love! Why, my dear, you were the embodiment of vindictive hate. How can you mention 'love' in that connection. Otis's reign had to end, and it ended right there. That incident hurt me a thousand times more than it did you, because I was foolish enough to have loved you and in spite of all to still love you without any evidence of love on your part--only partial service--and I had looked forward to that visit to Sunny Hill--about the first you made that year--in the hope that some of our differences would sink into the background and that we might revive the old life, and I had resolved to be especially patient and considerate--only to be faced with vindictive hate and defiant refusal to listen to a word I might have to say--all because of a badly spoiled, insulting brute of a boy. Surely if ever a man was justified in spanking a foolish wife I had that justification. I am thankful I did not subject you to that humiliating indignity. But if you could only see and hear yourself as I saw and heard you that night you would hide your head in shame, or at least be more lenient in your judgment of your husband in that situation.

"Your characterization of my obeying official orders and going on a foreign tour of duty in 1925 as 'desertion' is, to say the least rather fantastic. If that use of the word were correct it would mean that every laborer, mechanic, or professional man deserts his wife every time he goes to his work, and every government official who goes out on an official trip under peremptory orders 'deserts' his wife. No man who deserts his wife turns over to her his bank account, his safety deposit box, and gives her a power of attorney to enable her to live in comfort and look after things during his enforced absence, or writes letters expressing his strong desire to return and his con-

tinual disappointment at not receiving any word from his home, his home, his wife's home, and only incidentally and temporarily the home of two adopted waifs that systematically opposed all efforts to be educated, were ungrateful and insulting, and the cause of all sorts of unnecessary trouble; nor was it the home, or should not have been, of a loathsome vagabond, or of parasitic, prying, gossiping neighbors. Think it over, my dear, the kind of home I dreamed about for five years, and the kind of home I found upon my return.

"You say that my mind was 'poisoned' by others. This makes me think that perhaps my reference to gossip in my last letter, a mere conjecture on my part, must have touched a sore spot of which I was almost wholly ignorant. The first 'poison' of which I became conscious came from Cockroach George, who scattered smudge in all directions, and to me was utterly astounding because wholly unexpected. The second came within twenty-four hours when Eunice in heartbroken distress at the delinquency of her husband and her furious and fully justified indignation at the petty jibes of Thelma, Ethel and Otis, appealed to me for help and sympathy; and within the same short period came a confession from Charlie, who acknowledged his wrong and wished only to know how he could atone for it. Well, that part of it concerned Eunice primarily and when she finally brought herself to overlook his delinquency those nearest and dearest to her could do no less than tolerate him for her sake. The next doses came in the form of scurrilous valentines and insulting anonymous letters in the handwriting of Thelma and Ethel, and an insulting letter written by and signed by Thelma to Sister Nellie, which I knew nothing of until recently--plus certain malicious fabrications of Thelma to Lilian which finally came to sister's ears and she effectually dried up that source of poison.

"Since the day the Cockroach spilled, your name has never been involved--he alone accused you. Charlie's only statement regarding you

was that he liked you tremendously but had forfeited your good opinion because you held him responsible for Otis's foolishness. Sister Nellie's attitude has always been one of tolerance, sympathy, and sisterly affection--never a single word of criticism or adverse comment. Mother has been censorious--a lifetime habit--a habit that has caused her and others unhappiness, but for which neither ^{sister} nor I am in any degree responsible--we simply have to bear and forbear--and we both note that with age and increasing infirmities even she is becoming more tolerant. Eunice, rightfully I think, resents not only Charlie's faithlessness, but even more the malicious nagging of Thelma and Ethel and, of course, Ethel's sister, the blackmailer, in the background. Can you blame her? She always liked you and the only word she ever uttered in my presence that might be construed as a criticism was the question, 'Oh, why didn't Aunt Nellie tell some of us if she knew what was going on, and not leave us to be the very last ones to know of it?' That's a real question. Why was nothing ~~to~~ said to any one of us until it came from the despised and loathsme Cockroach--who was tolerated in my home only for your sake? Well, that is the length, breadth and depth of the 'poison' you refer to. It did not come from my blood relatives, but from others dependent upon me and was and is for that reason all the more venomous.

"You speak of property. You alone are the only human being who has ever mentioned the subject to me. Please let that soak in. Can you imagine what the answer was to the question that at once arose in my mind, 'Who is mercenary; who is the gold digger?' And to me the very suggestion is simply colossal absurdity, because I have always thought of myself as being financially very poor and only by extraordinary efforts able to keep out of debt, live, and painfully save a little here and there to insure a bare subsistence for myself and wife in old age. It never occurred to me that the old house in Wash-

ington and the stony farm here would be objects of covetousness or dispute on the part of others. Naturally I supposed that in the event I passed over first everything would go to my wife, and to avoid any embarrassment I so provided in a will drawn up the week we were married, she to be sole inheritor, administratrix, and without bond. That will stood until 1930, when it was destroyed and an entirely different one executed more in accordance with changed conditions. However, notwithstanding the fact that not one of my blood relatives, mother, sister, or Eunice, and certainly not Charlie, ever in my presence spoke of my alleged property, the fact that you have spoken of it several times, and it comes to me that it was in connection with Eunice, leads me to suspect that something must have been said that put the idea into your head--because I have never thought of you as mercenary or of the gold digger type. You see, my dear, I am absolutely in the dark on this subject. It was only and solely on account of the situation at 1026 in 1930 that I, unknown to any one else, changed the original will. I rather strongly suspect that if the matter was ever discussed, the discussion originated with Thelma, which suspicion is based solely upon certain remarks she made to me at various times when one would have thought she was entirely too young to think of such things.

"Ambitious! Yes, ambitious to make good on all assignments, to justify the confidence reposed in me, to give full measure of public service and live up to my conception of public obligation, even though it involved the sacrifice of time, energy, thought, myself and my family, because the sense of public obligation was paramount and sacred, and that devotion was the secret of such success as I met with; and ambitious to have a home of my own and make provision for old age. Notoriety! No; I cannot remember ever having sought publicity of any kind, but as a public official who had attracted attention I acquiesced in being photographed and interviewed, simply as a part of the

day's work. On the other hand I declined innumerable invitations to speak in public. The publication of my travel letters in the Frederick paper was without my knowledge until long after they began to appear--at least six or eight months. They were private letters written weekly to^{let} you and mother and other members of the family know where I was, what I was ~~at~~ doing, and what I was seeing, in an effort to share with you a byproduct of my official work. As a matter of fact those letters made many, many friends for me in Frederick County.

"Bueno. I had not intended to say so much--because it does no particular good, but it has seemed to me that you have wholly misunderstood many things, imagined others, and your sentimental obsessions have made you blind to still more things.

"I am glad you keep up your relations with the Yosts--next to Emma and George they have known you longest and know you best. I know you have broken with the Cockroach, and I strongly suspect you no longer keep up daily relations with the Johnsons, the Jenkinses, and the Chapmans, or even Mrs. Bode, which seemed ^{so} ~~to~~ necessary to you in 1930--or the Stones. I wonder if they seem so all-important to you now as they did then--so much more important than your husband or the preservation of family life. How about it?

"When you declined to accompany your husband to your Sunny Hill home you gave two main reasons: A determination to stay with Otis although he had a wife to look after him and the last thing they wanted was a foster mother to boss them; and a strong desire and determination to earn your own living and be financially independent of your husband. I wonder how you feel about it now--whether you still think you are so necessary for Otis, and Ethel--and how about the economic independence; and I wonder if you remember that

almost from the beginning of our married life there were times when you refused to accept money from your husband and at other times taunted him with the statement that never would you consent to accept a cent from him if you were separated from him. It simply shows, of course, that you are sometimes mistaken, as well as other people. You understand, of course, that the money I have been sending you is borrowed at six per cent interest, which I shall have to pay probably for many years to come. And if you accept the position of housekeeper in a strange family, will that make you independent; and even so can the wet-nursing of Otis continue? And so I wonder what has really become of the two main objectives for which you so lightly broke up our home--what really has been accomplished at such cost?

"The cold weather up here the last week has kept the peonies back and it is doubtful if any can bloom by the 30th. We had steam heat on in Sunny Hill House and a blazing fire of logs in the fireplace at the Whippoorwill today. Iris are in their prime and making a gorgeous display, as well as snowball and other shrubs. A number of visitors were out, including Rosabelle (Biser). Lewis is a little better, but not able to do much.

"Within the last week the forest trees have leaved out, and the heavy rain of a week ago at last started all the springs and streams to flowing for the first time in three years. Last year Sunny Hill was so shot to pieces by the prolonged drouth that I was discouraged and did not care to have any one from Washington see it. This spring it begins to look like it did years ago. Even the moss and ferns are coming back, and I hope they bring the little fairies with them. The birds and bunnies are already here, and a little ground hog has his home just above the Cricket House.

"Now, my dear, when you read portions of this letter try to think of them simply as signboards pointing in the direction of my point of view; don't look at the shadows they cast, because shadows are often distorted and always magnified. Remember also that all forms of written and most forms of oral expression are inadequate, imperfect, and often ambiguous and that sometimes the same word or phrase does not mean the same thing to two different people. Also that if we are ever to clear up the misunderstanding that developed between us we must speak out, even though some of the things said are disagreeable. The most cruel of all things is silence, deceit, secrecy between friends, concealment, refusal to consider the other side of questions, or the possibility that there is another side; all of which leads to unfortunate misunderstandings and sometimes develops into malignant and vindictive hatred, bitter and uncompromising enmity and intolerance on the part of those who otherwise think of themselves as bright and shining examples of mercy, charity, compassion, and righteous ~~moral~~ morality. (That sounds like the ancestral Puritan preachers' talk--which I heartily dislike and deplore--so no more).

"Bueno, vaya con dios.

"Affectionately,

"Lee.

Monday, 23 May; clear and cool. Too cold for the peonies and the ground very dry. I disbudded peonies until noon. The young German chef at the hotel was one of our visitors. In the morning Sister Nellie had a telephone call from Mr. Watkins, tenant on the Biser place, saying that our two dogs were worrying his cows, Laddie barking at them and Sandy biting them. This was distressing because it is almost impossible to break dogs of these bad habits. Had I answered the phone I would have asked Mr. Watkins to shoot both dogs. But it was sister who answered the phone. Laddie was old, diseased, and spent his nights away from our place. He was a gentleman in other respects and we hated to have him disposed of, but felt that it was necessary. We could not afford a damage suit on his account. We also felt that if he were out of the way that Sandy, the younger, would behave himself. Sister tried to get a veterinarian to come out and put Laddie to sleep but could not get him, so she had one of the men shoot him. He was buried in a clump of shrubbery.

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(Wife, 23 May, brown folder.)

Monday, May 22: Clear and cool. Too cold for the geese and
 the ground very dry. I dispatched geese until noon. The young
 geese shot at the hotel was one of our visitors. In the morning
 Sister Willie had a telephone call from Mr. Watkins, tenant on the
 Blair place, saying that our two dogs were worrying his cows. Laddie
 barking at them and Sandy biting them. This was disgusting because
 it is almost impossible to break dogs of these bad habits. Had I
 answered the phone I would have asked Mr. Watkins to shoot both dogs,
 but it was sister who answered the phone. Laddie was old, diseased,
 and spent his nights away from our place. He was a gentleman in
 other respects and we hated to have him disposed of, but felt that
 it was necessary. We could not afford a damage suit on his account.
 We also felt that if he were out of the way that Sandy, the younger,
 would behave himself. Sister tried to get a veterinarian to come out
 and put Laddie to sleep but could not get him, so she had one of the
 men shoot him. He was buried in a dump of shrubbery.

(Wife, 22 May, Brown folder.)

23 May 1932.

"Dear Nellie:

"Yesterday I wrote you in response to your last letter with inclosures. Those inclosures related to the distressing ~~p~~^riod following my return to Washington the last of November, 1929. My last letter expressed, moderately, my reaction to all thoughts of that period. I suspect my reaction will be the same throughout life. I doubt if anything can or could be said or done to change my ideas concerning that period.

"But, as I wrote in a previous letter, time softens many things as they recede into the distance and cease to be a source of daily irritation. The situation that was so intolerable to me at 1026 only two years ago has receded into the background and is forgotten except when my attention is ~~d~~^redirected to it and the old feeling is revived.

"In thinking over the situation and the letter I had written today as I snipped off peony buds in the bright sunshine I realized that the letter I had written does not represent my present state of mind, but only my reaction when I think of 1930. When I do think of 1930, which is seldom, I see a little, old woman who looked something like my wife but who did not act like her, because she was arrogant, domineering, absolute, and animated by malignant enmity to me, centering all her attention upon an overgrown, badly spoiled, exceptionally rude and insulting, lazy, spendthrift boy, and various and sundry disagreeable parasitic neighbors, in the home of the man who had made great sacrifices to provide the home and pay all the expenses, and who after five long weary years of separation came back to the home he had dreamed about and found--hell.

"Well, thank the nature of things and all the good little fairies I have practically ceased to think of 1930--there are too

many other things that are bright and beautiful to think about and that occupy my attention. And when I think of my wife, as I do daily, it is of her as she was normally before the beginning of 1925. That little wife is very dear to me and I miss her greatly. Of course she is ^{not} ~~no relation~~ to the malignant woman of 1930. One of the psychological puzzles to me has been to try to discover the relation that existed between the dear little wife of long ago, aggravating, yes, but lovable, and the blind termagent of 1930. That is why I have written from time to time trying to draw her out and pry loose from her something that would explain the metamorphosis. The only explanation that so far seems reasonable is that she never really cared for me and that she married me simply because she realized she was getting along in years and wanted to provide for her future. But I don't like that explanation, and I know that she did not feel that way all the time. I do know that we spent many happy hours together in congenial companionship.

"And so I find that in my daily life I think of you as in the ~~ea~~ old days and that 1930 and its nightmare recollections are practically forgotten--except when my attention is directed to them--and I wonder why, and whether she is contented and happy. And I wonder again which of the two personalities has survived the past year, the amiable wife of former years or the hateful, malignant woman of 1930--the one I love and miss and sympathize with in her perplexing situation, or the other whom I abhor and never want to see or think about again.

"This reminds me of certain lifelong, settled convictions, some of which you can perhaps agree with, and others to which you will be absolutely blind:

"(1) The devastating tyranny of socalled 'mother love'--pure, unadulterated feminine selfishness that hangs like an incubus over all young people, and is endured simply because it is sanctioned by

religious bigotry and society; and most human beings have experienced it, some directly, as in case of myself and Otis, and especially Ethel.

"(2) The mistake some parents make in sacrificing everything to children who neither want the sacrifice nor appreciate it when made--especially with respect to property--as witness Grandma Masser.

"(3) The cruelty involved in parents, either parent, insisting on living with newly married children and directing their lives.

"(4) The dispicable depravity and intemperance of all people who assume that their views are moral and righteous and sanctioned by high heaven and that anything that does not conform thereto is immoral and damned, i.e., intolerance in any form, which simply means one's own view sanctioned by morality and righteousness, heart impulses and sentimentalism--this ^{view} the result of travel and observation in countries where all the holy and legal sanctions declare all that is holy and legal in American puritanical life is wrong and eternally damned.

"(5) The childish foolishness of two old people who have lived together for many years in fairly agreeable companionship, with common interests, and the same experiences, knowing each other better than any one else, and looking forward to and planning for a common life to the inevitable end, falling out, quarreling over things that are of relative small importance compared to their happiness, and separating with feelings of enmity and mutual regret, and.

P Of course, there are many other formulas that have developed as the result of a rather busy life and long experience but which have no special application to our situation.

"With me the whole thing boils down to the question in my mind of whether, after your experience of the last year, you are the woman,

my beloved wife of former years, or the arrogant, impossible creature of 1930. Thelma is a mother, Otis no longer wears knee pants, the parasites of 1026, like the ticks that feed on cows, have fallen off, and I wonder how you feel about it all.

"So I write this letter to let you know that the letter I wrote yesterday was simply my reaction to the life of 1930, which to me has receded so far into the background that it is no longer a part of my life. From a legal standpoint I made a mistake in writing freely, but I have only one life to live, that is drawing to a close, and so long as I live at Sunny Hill and am not in the employ of government or any human being, I propose to think and say exactly what I feel and think. Can you do the same?

"The Sonens were out Sunday--on their own invitation, of course. She is a decent likable American lady from Ohio. He is a German brute whom I took the greatest of pleasure in kicking, courteously, in the seat of his mental pants, so that when they departed he was quite humble and apologetic, after being alternately red and white in the face. I have found from long experience that the only way to treat German brutes is to ride over them rough shod--that's the only kind of treatment they seem to understand. I've never forgotten the evening this particular German squarehead spoiled my last evening with you and the children when I had to catch a train on my departure for Europe for an indefinite absence, nor will I ever forgive such brutish selfishness on his part. He was enthusiastic about Sunny Hill, as are most people, and expressed an intention of returning with friends in about two weeks, to which I responded 'I am exceedingly busy, have many visitors, and if I should ever want to see you again perhaps I will send you an invitation.' He was so obtuse that he did not seem to appreciate the significance of what I said, but perhaps it will percolate

through sometime next week. To his little wife we were, of course, extremely courteous.

"Today I had as a visitor the little German chef of the Francis Scott Key Hotel, a bright little fellow who spent ten years or more as a cook on ocean going steamers that called at the principal ports of the world. He had many visits to Buenos Aires and Rio, China, Japan, and Scandinavia. It was a pleasure to see how he enjoyed the fresh air, the view, and the flowers of Sunny Hill after being confined in the Kitchen yesterday from 7 a.m. until after 9 p.m. And his German brogue and turns of expression were delicious.

"Today, also, we survived a tragedy, the tragedy of the death or ~~and~~ murder of Laddie, beloved of Eunice, the aristocratic collie, the gentleman dog, affectionate, highly intelligent, obedient, and exceedingly sensitive to praise or censure--but old, dissipated, and disreputable in his habits. He corrupted the morals and manners of Sandy, the Airdale-bull pup, and returned from periodical sprees almost a total wreck, chewed up in his battles, with bleary red eyes, diseased, mangy and in bad shape generally. This morning a telephone message came ~~by telephone~~ that Laddie and the bull pup had been worrying dairy cows of a neighbor. The only sensible solution seemed to be to send Laddie to the dog heaven and to chain up the pup. A neighbor attended to the details, but the family at Sunny Hill is sad tonight over the actual end which we had foreseen for some months. I confess I shed some hot tears when I thought of the smile of Laddie's eyes, his affection, his trust, and his gentlemanly ways. It was a tragedy for us, the loss of his companionship, and for him it lay in the failure of his dog brain to realize that he could not bait, worry, bite, tear, and torture gentle dairy cows that had never interfered in any way with his existence. It simply illustrates one phase of the tragedy that nature imposes by irrevocable conditions that can be only a little modified by human sentimentalism.

"There is a little bunny that comes down by the Whippoorwill every evening and is becoming quite tame. In the house is a cunning kitty kat with two little kittens, one tailless, that is a cruel and inveterate hunter of mice, birds and rabbits. We cannot bring ourselves to decide which we love most, and so the birds and the bunnies suffer from the ~~pe~~ predatory instincts of the cat, and so every evening I look at my little rabbit and wonder what his fate will be.

"The iris are lovely--peonies standing still because of the cold.

"Affectionately,

"Lee.

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4599

Tuesday, 24 May; a lovely day. Took mother to town with flowers for the Ladies' Democratic meeting tomorrow. Ground very hard and dry. Iris at their best. Picked six early peony blossoms.

Wednesday, 25 May, hot, with showers in the forenoon. About two dozen peonies open. Soybeans sown at lower place an^d in the narcissus field. Had a letter from wife saying that the children were moving into separate apartments on the first of June. She herself was thinking of taking a housekeeping job.

Thursd~~a~~y, 26 May; clear and hot. Peonies opening slowly. Coral bells and day lilies begining to blossom. Eunice was much disturbed about the killing of her dog, Laddie, and rather critical of her mother, not seeming to realize that mother and sister had put up with him as an all roud household nuisance for many years. These home relations are hard to understand sometimes.

(Wife, 26 May, brown folder)

26 May 1932

"Dear Nellie:

"Yesterday I received your letter of the 24th, written before you could have received my letter of the 23d. I assure you I don't like those critical or explanatory letters any more than you do, but the life you led in 1930, your decision to leave home and husband, and your refusal to discuss matters with him before the separation, has made them necessary as the only possible means of arriving at an understanding. All of which I sincerely regret more than you do.

"Your use of the word 'ban' is, to say the least, unique and I am wholly at a loss to understand what you mean by it. Please explain just what you had in mind.

"In your previous letter you spoke of my mind as having been poisoned, and in this last letter you say the ground had been prepared. This also seems curious to me. My interpretation of these statements is that you have thought and still think that my blood relatives (mother, sister, and niece) have said things to me for the purpose of prejudicing me against you. Now I wonder just what reason you have for thinking that, if that is your thought? I know that mother is censorious, and because of ^{our} ~~your~~ relationship, which was not of my choosing, I try to make allowances; and I know, also, that she was indignant that you and the children stopped writing letters to me during the last two years of my travel and expressed her indignation in the letters she wrote me, which were not intended for your eye, but which you read. I can think of no other foundation for your erroneous belief. Since my return the latter part of 1929 they have never criticised you in any way beyond expressing the opinion that you were making a terrible mistake in abandoning your husband and your beautiful home at Sunny Hill--and I am quite sure they are not alone in that belief. Never in my presence has a word been uttered regarding our poor little property--it was left for you to mention that subject.

"The poisoning process you seem to have had in mind exists, I am sure, only in your imagination, with what foundation I know not, because, as I have already said, my blood relatives--the only ones who could be possibly interested in such a proceeding, have never criticised you in my hearing. Furthermore, my opinions and judgment concerning you and the children are based solely upon my personal observation, what I saw and heard at 1026, and I am quite sure were not influenced by anything that any one else may have said. Also, I have all my life felt that marriage concerned only the husband and wife, and their children if they had any, and that their affairs were no business of anybody else, not even of their parents--that every married couple have a legal and moral right to live their lives in their own way, and that parents, especially mothers, make a serious mistake in imposing themselves upon their married children--just as you made a serious mistake in imposing yourself upon our adopted children after they were married. However, it is rather a common mistake and most married couples suffer from it.

"Now, just because I do not feel that I have been influenced in the slightest degree by gossip, because none has reached me, and if it did I would ignore it; and because I feel so strongly that the misunderstandings that develop between husband and wife concern them only, your proposal that we have a meeting with others present does not appeal to me in the least. There is absolutely nothing to be cleared up except why you carried things with such a high hand in 1930, and why you felt that you must leave your husband to look after Otis, and try to make an independent living for yourself. That only you can explain, and it should be to me only. Of course, I will be glad to meet you any time and anywhere you express a wish to see me, but it should be after the busy peony season is over. In the last analysis I feel that your primary and principal mistake was in not being frank with your

husband--which suggested to him many times that you never really cared for him; otherwise you would have given him your friendly confidence as to what was wrong or what was troubling you--which was at all the more necessary because he is neither a mindreader nor a clairvoyant and he distrusts suspicion and imagination--as well as all gossip.

"Now, my dear, you surely understand and surely have understood all along, that your husband is still your husband and that his home at Sunny Hill is your home, and has been and is open to you whenever you say the word. I will never say it--that is left for you. I have missed you, as I always will, and have hoped that your midsummer madness would end--but you only can know when it has left you.

"You mention certain ideas that must be understood if you are ever to rejoin me. Well, those ideas were always taken for granted by me--but apparently forgotten by you in 1930. There is just one other idea that is usually understood that you do not mention, and that is that the husband, the provider, is and must necessarily be the recognized head of his family. That idea was completely overlooked in 1930, but must be taken into consideration in future.

"Why do I say all this? Simply because the last three or four days we were together you were almost your old self, because when we parted in the vestibule of 1026 we both nearly broke down, and because the few times we have seen each other since then I read suffering in your face and I so much wanted to take you in my arms and try to comfort you, and that has been the image in my mind ever since.

"Sunny Hill is beautiful just now. The iris and other flowers are out in all their glory. I was so disappointed in Sunny Hill in 1930-31 because of the terrible drouth that I did not want any one to see it. The rains this year have brought it back. The peonies are

not behaving properly--because of the cold. Ten days ago they looked as if they would be out last Sunday, but now after two days of heat we have collected only a few dozen instead of thousands. And meanwhile we are pestered with inquiries about them. It's most disappointing and most trying, and I shall be glad when it is all over.

"Just one other thought, or rather question?: Has anything that Eunice has said or done contributed to your feeling with respect to the Estabrook family? I ask this because it is possible. I suspect that I understand her better than any one else, even her mother. She is her mother's (Sister Nellie's) only chick and child and is very dear to her. She is her grandmother's pride because of her musical talent. She is dear to me because for some years I was in loco parentis to her as an attractive infant and dandled her on my knee and told her fairy stories. ~~But~~ She has generous impulses, is intelligent and quick witted, ambitious, and unquestionably has musical talent. But, but, she has other characteristics that are trying--some of them inherited directly from her grandmother; she lacks education as much as Thelma; much of her life has been spent in theaters among people to whom the breath of life is gossip and scandal; her earning capacity as a musician was greater than her husband's; also as a child she was badly spoiled by her grandparents; natural result, wilfulness and selfconfidence much exaggerated that is a little trying to others. Mechanical music has, of course, been a tragedy for her and she has bravely and energetically tried all sorts of things without success, for which we admire and sympathize with her. Because of her characteristics, which she can no ~~more~~ more help than you or I, and because of her treatment of her husband, I have sympathized with her distress at his unfaithfulness, but am also inclined to sympathize, understand, and be lenient in my judgment of him. It simply occurred to me that

because of her wilfulness and selfconfident expression of opinion she may have said some things that rankled with you because you did not fully understand her antecedents and inherited characteristics. Is this conjecture correct?

"Regarding the housekeeping proposition: Surely you know in advance my reaction to it. I simply ask the question, do you prefer keeping house for strangers, or for yourself and husband? I can see nothing but disappointment for you and that the arrangement would be of short duration.

"Well, it's time to say 'Buona notte.'

"Lee.

(1932, May, S.H.)

E--4600

Friday, 27 May; hot with showers in the afternoon. Still budding peonies. Trying to make up an order for 200 bunches for a man at Cumberland. In the afternoon sister called him up to tell him that his peonies would be ready the next morning. He replied that he had got his supply elsewhere. The Morningstar family came out for iris and honeysuckle. We were hot and discouraged at the cancellation of the order from Cumberland.

Saturday, 28 May; clear and cold, 58 degrees at 5 p.m. Took flowers to the hotel in the morning. One of the Masser boys called up by telephone to say that he would be glad to sell some flowers, but when I took some to town he could ~~not~~^{not} be found and I had my trip for nothing. I let Lewis take them in from his place. He sold the lot to a groceryman and made four dollars for his share, at which he was greatly pleased. We were pricing peonies^s at sixty cents a dozen, but people were not willing to pay that much for them. The Florists Exchange quoted them at ten to twenty-five cents a dozen in New York. Had a letter from an attorney in Reno regarding terms for getting a divorce in that State. As near as I could judge it would take about three months and cost about a thousand dollars. Mother rather bitter about my wife and apprehensive that she will return. Her~~e~~ appetite is abnormal and this morning she told sister she must set a better table because anybody could see that I was slowly starving, at which sister and I laughed heartily. *As* for my wife my feeling was that whenever she was so far disillusioned as to be willing to rejoin me of her own free will, as a friend and not as a bitter enemy, and if she could be weaned from the group of people to whom she had become attached, including the adopted children, I should welcome her back and try to be patient with her, as I would expect her to be with me. If she should ~~return~~^{rejoin me} it would mean that mother and sister would have to return to Winworth or to one of mother's small houses, be-

Friday, 17 May: Not with flowers in the afternoon. Still the
morning people. Trying to make an order for 100 flowers for a man
at Cumberland. In the afternoon called up to tell him that
his people would be ready the next morning. He replied that he had
not his money elsewhere. The florist's family came out for him
and money. We were not and discouraged at the cancellation of
the order from Cumberland.

Saturday, 18 May: Clear and cold. 33 degrees at 2 p.m. Took
flowers to the hotel in the morning. One of the Hansen boys called me
by telephone to say that he would be glad to sell some flowers, but
when I took some to town he could not be found and I had my trip for
nothing. I let Lewis take them in from his place. He sold the lot
to a grocer and made four dollars for his share, at which he was
greatly pleased. We were pricing people at sixty cents a dozen, but
people were not willing to pay that much for them. The florist
change quoted them at ten to twenty-five cents a dozen in New York.
Had a letter from an attorney in Reno regarding terms for getting a
divorce in that State. As near as I could judge it would take about
three months and cost about a thousand dollars. Mother rather dis-
turbed about my wife and apprehensive that she will return. Her app-
eal is unusual and this morning she told sister and must not be
far away because anybody could see that I was alone staying at
which sister and I laughed heartily. As for my wife my feeling was
that whatever she was so far distinguished as to be willing to re-
turn me or her own free will as a friend and not as a bitter enemy.
and if she could be warned from the group of people to whom she had
become attached, including the whole family, I should welcome her
back and try to be patient with her, as I would expect her to be with
me. I am afraid that sister and sister would
have to return to wherever they were.